THE

Comical Hiſtory

OF

Don QUIXOTE,

As it is Acted at the

Queen's Theatre in *Dorſet Garden.*

By Their Majeſties Servants.

Part the Second.

Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

LONDON,

Printed for *S. Briſcoe,* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent Garden,* and *H. Newman* at the *Graſhopper* in the *Poultry,* 1694.

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To the Right Honourable Charles *Earl of* Dorſet *and* Middleſex, *Ld. Chamberlain of Their Majeſties Houſhold, and Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

My Lord,

AS in old times, when Wit had flouriſh'd long,
And *Rome* was famous for Poetick Song,
The Learned *Bards* did round *Mecænas* throng:
To him as Wits Dictator, brought their Store
And Standard, that beſt tri'd the Muſes Ore.
So in our *Albion*, tho her Bards are few,
Yet each one covets a Dictator too,
And for *Mecænas*, fix (my Lord) on you.
You, like the famous *Indian* Gourd, are ſet,
Under whoſe ſhade, ſits cool each pigmy Wit,
Free from the railing Criticks blaſting heat.
Let the rich Spring flow clear or be impure,
Fenc'd with your Name, the Poet is ſecure:
Your Wit's a Sanctuary, where each one
Is ſafe, that wiſely does for refuge run.
The roving *Icarus* in Poetry,
By you is levell'd, when he ſoars too high.
By Judgments Rules and awful Senſe reclaim'd,
The wild Highflyer is to Nature tam'd:
Nor does the grovelling Muſe crawl off aſham'd:
But by your mild reproof his faults diſcerne;
Made fit for Fame, if not too proud to learn.
Each Genius ſtill is by your candor priz'd
The Great not flatter'd, nor the Leſs diſpis'd.
For as great *Maro*, *Naſo*, *Flaccus*, may
In your indulgent beams with freedom play;
So *Bavius* too, and *Mevius* uncontroul'd,
May busk about—and grac'd with ſmiles, be bold.
Oh boundleſs Glory? yet for eaſe too great,
Anxious, tho prais'd, and reſtleſs in its State:
Wit's fate, and that of Soveraignty's the ſame,
Both ſit high crown'd, both plagu'd by too much fame.
As Courtiers for Preferment teazing come,
And at the *Levée* throng a Monarchs Room.
So when *Apollo* Crowns a darling Son,
Theleſſer Tribe will all be puſhing on,

To

To get a Scien of his ſacred Bays,
To plant their Credit in ſucceeding Days.
Thus your Renown—your Trouble does encreaſe;
Leſs great (my Lord) you had been more at eaſe.
Like Hero's, that to War unſum̃on'd come;
If leſs couragious, had been ſafe at home.
A common Fate beſt ſuits with common Clay,
Stamp'd off in haſte upon the firſt Eſſay;
But Poets are not products of a Day.
Kings Reign by Conqueſt, Choice or Right of Birth;
Souldiers get Fame—and Grandees ſhare the Earth.
But Wit's a prize ſo rare, there ſcarce appears,
One mighty *Dorſet* in a Thouſand Years:
And then too, Heaven that knows the Gift is great,
Thinks one enough to honour a whole ſtate.
Thus are the two great Bleſſings, Wit and Love,
Kept (as ſublimeſt) with moſt care above.
Heaven grants us ſparingly of both a taſte,
One rarely found, and t'other not too laſt;
Leſt the weak Mortal, in his extaſie,
Like the firſt Man, may know too much and dye:
Yet has this nice forbidden fruit, which Heaven
From Millions keeps, to you been frankly given.
You have (my Lord) a Patent from above,
And can monopolize both Wit and Love;
Inſpir'd and bleſt, by Heavens peculiar care,
Ador'd by all the Wiſe, and all the Fair;
To whom the World united give this due,
Beſt Judge of Men, and beſt of Poets too.

Pleaſe to permit me then, as all the reſt
Of Muſes Sons already have addreſs'd;
Thus, for your Patronage, to make appeal
The laſt Attending, but the firſt in Zeal.
Let but this Play the uſual Grace receive,
And if your generous breath ſays——Let it live,
Don *Quixot* then, is fix'd in deathleſs Glory,
And *Sancho*, on the Stage is famous as in ſtory.
Which is,

My Lord,

The humble Suit of Your Lordſhips moſt

obliged and eternally devoted Servant,

T. D'urfey.

THE PREFACE.

THE goood ſucceſs, which both the Parts of Don Quixote have had, either from their Natural Merit, or the Indulgence of my Friends, or both, ought ſufficiently to ſatisfie me, that I have no reaſon to value the little Malice of ſome weak Heads, that make it their buſineſs to be ſimply Criticizing.

I will therefore deſiſt from any Anſwer in that kind, and wholly rely upon, and pleaſe my ſelf, with the good Opinion and kind Cenſure of the Judicious, who uuanimouſly declare, that I have not leſſened my ſelf in the great undertaking, of drawing two Plays out of that ingenious Hiſtory, in which if I had flagg'd either in Stile or Character, it muſt have been very obvious to all Eyes; but on the contrary, I have had the honour to have it judg'd that I have done both Don Quixote and Sancho Juſtice, making as good a Copy of the firſt as poſſible, and furniſhing the laſt with newer and better Proveabs of my own than he before diverted ye with.

Beſides, I think I have given ſome additional Diverſion in the continuance of the Character of Marcella, which is wholly new in this Part, and my own Invention; the deſign finiſhing with more pleaſure to the Audience by puniſhing that coy Creature by an extravagant Paſſion here, that was ſo inexorable and cruel in the firſt Part, and ending with a Song ſo incomparably well ſung, and acted by Mrs. Bracegirdle, that the moſt envious do allow, as well as the moſt ingenious affirm, that 'tis the beſt of that kind ever done before.

Then I muſt tell my ſevere Cenſurers, who will be ſpitting their Venom againſt me tho to no purpoſe, that I deſerve ſome acknowledgment for drawing the Character of Mary the Buxom, which was intirely my own, and which I was not obliged to the Hiſtory at all for, there being

being no mention of her there, but that Sanchica, *which was her right name, was found washing in a River by the Dukes Page, and leapt up behind him on Horseback to guide him to carry her Fathers Letter to her Mother; yet by making the Character humorous, and the extraordinary well acting of Mrs.* Verbruggen, *it is by the best Judges allowed to be a Masterpiece of humour.*

The rest of the Characters in both the Parts were likewise extreamly well performed, in which I had as much Justice done me as I could expect, nor was the Musical Part less commendable, the Words every where being the best of mine in that kind, and if in the whole, they could draw such Audiences for so long time, in such violent hot Weather, I shall not despair, that when the Season is more temperate, to see at their next representation, a great deal of good Company.

I have Printed some Scenes both in the first and second part which were left out in the Acting— the Play and the Musick being too long; and I doubt not but they will divert in the reading, because very proper for the Connexion: And as I have in this, and in all my things, studied to promote the Pleasure and Satisfaction of my Friend; so I am very well satisfied, to find by my profit, that I have not lost my Labour.

PROLOGUE

For Mr. *Powel.*

THis Soultry ſeaſon which was wont to clear
The Town, of all the friends we held moſt dear,
Believe we are very glad to ſee you here:
The Wits that now deſie their God the Sun,
(Proof 'gainſt his beams) to ſee Don Quixote *run,*
Such miracles have he and comick Sancho *done*
Faith ſince good Nature did your Hearts inſpire
To uſe us kindly once don't let it tire;
But let our ſecond Merry Scenes be grac'd
With your united praiſe, as were our laſt.
If you object the weather is too hot,
The World is in a ferment, think of that:
Heroes abroad ſweat for the glorious day,
And I am ſure you cannot chooſe but ſay,
That 'tis much ſafer ſweating at a Play:
For in the main, vaſt difference will appear,
Twixt thoſe that ſweat for pleaſure or for fear.
Well, than 'tis time to doubt ye were unjuſt,
Since you have been ſo civil to our firſt;
For thoſe abroad as well as here at home,
To ſee our laſt, we thank 'em, all have come;
Some to oblige us, from the Bath *have ſtay'd,*
Th' unteeming Wife, and the Green ſickneſs Maid,
Such Sport has been, it ſeems, in what we plaid.
From Richmond *ſome, where crowds of Beauty dwell;*
Nay th' Cits have left their darling Epſom *Well,*
And jogg'd from them to us like honeſt Men,
Upon their trotting Pads of Three Pound Ten:
Then, we have had ſome of the Blackcoats too,
Men skill'd in Books, that our Don Quixote *knew,*
That fearing to be found out at a Play,
Sat in the Pit, in Coats of Iron gray.
In ſhort, 'tis plain, we all degrees have had,
Their Money too—for which we are not ſad;
And if you pleaſe to favour us once more,
T' encourage ye, the Poet juſt now ſwore,
This is a better play than that before.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By *Sancho* and *Mary* the Buxome.

Sancho. *COme, prithee,* Mary, *tho our Caſe be bad*
Let's make the beſt on't—humour thy Old Dad,
And ſpeak to th' Folk.
Mary. *I cod, I think y' are mad.*
What would you have me ſay?
San. *Why tell 'em that*
Tho th' plaguy Poet makes us loſe our State,
And doff our Robes that made us look ſo gay,
That thou wilt ſerve 'em in ſome other way,
Provided they'll be civil to the Play.
Mary. *What other way Zooks can I ſerve 'em in,*
Unleſs they have any Lockram Smocks to ſpin;
Will theſe, dee think, prefer a Country Tool
In Serge and Dowlas—Vather you're a Fool:
For ought I ſee amongſt this long nos'd Crew,
They'd rather wear out Smocks, than pay me to make new.
Theſe Love your Flaunters, trickt in huge Commode,
Sprunt up with Wire and Ribbons a Cart-load:
Lord! how each Courtier-man would ſcowle at's Wife,
Dizzen'd as I am now here in a Coif,
Gadſlids your Top high Flyers of the Town,
Now, ſcarce wear any thing that is their own;
One has falſe Teeth, another has falſe Hair,
One has an Eye-brow made, another's bare:
Some flabby, lank, unwholſome, barren Phillies,
Stuff Cuſhions up, to counterfeit great Bellies,
And others, that they may look round as Drums
Dreſs t' other place, and wear 'em on their Bums.
Theſe are the Diſhes that theſe Folk eſteem,
A Country Raſher won't go down with them;
Therefore, for my part, I'll no favour crave,
I know their humour, and my breath I'll ſave;
Tet to conclude, I ſay this of the Play,
Icod 'tis good, and if they like't they may.

The

Duke *Ricardo.* A Grandee of *Spain*, Mr. *Cibber.*

Cardenio. A witty young Gentleman, his Companion and Friend, acted by Mr. *Bowman.*

Ambrosio. A young Student of *Salamanca*, and Kinsman to the Duke, an inveterate enemy to women, ever since his dear Friend *Chrisostome* died for Love of *Marcella.* Acted by Mr. *Verbruggen.*

Don *Quixot.* A frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha*, who ran mad with reading Books of Chivalry, and supposes himself a Knight Errant. Acted by Mr. *Boen.*

Mannel. Steward to the Duke, a pleasant witty Fellow, who with *Pedro* and the Page, manages all the designs used in the fooling Don *Quixote.* Acted by Mr. *Powel.*

Pedro Rezio. A Doctor of Physick, and Assistant to *Mannel* in fooling Don *Quixote.* Acted by Mr. *Freeman.*

Bernardo. Chaplain to the Duke—A positive, testy, morose fellow. Acted by Mr. *Trefuse.*

Diego. A rough ill natur'd vicious fellow, Maker of the Dukes Game, and chief Shepherd, in love with *Marcella.* Acted by Mr. *Harris.*

Page to the Duke. Another witty young Fellow, and agent in the fooling Don *Quixote.* Acted by Mr. *Lee.*

Sancho Pancha. Squire to Don *Quixote*, a dull, heavy, Country Booby in appearance, but in discourse, dry, subtle and sharp, a great repeater of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all occasions, tho never so absurd, or far from the purpose. Acted by Mr. *Underhil.*

Taylor, Gardener, Painter, Grazier, Small Man and Woman, Petitioners to the Governor *Sancho.*

Dutchess. A merry facetious Lady, that perpetually diverts herself with the extravagant follies of Don *Quixote* and *Sancho.* Acted by Mrs *Knight.*

Luscinda. Wife to *Cardenio*, her Companion. Acted by Mrs. *Bowman.*

Dulcinea del Toboso. Page to the Duke, commanded by him to personate Don *Quixotes* feigned Mistriss. Acted by Mr. *Lee.*

Marcella. A young beautiful Shepherdess, of *Cordoua*, extreamly coy, and Averse to men at first, but afterwards passionately in Love with *Ambrosio.* Acted by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Dona *Rodriguez.* Woman to the Dutchess, antiquated, opinionated and impertinent. Acted by Mrs. *Kent.*

Teresa Pancha. Wife to *Sancho*——— a poor clowniſh Countrywoman, Acted by Mrs. *Lee.*

Mary. Her Daughter, a ramping ill-bred Dowdy. Mrs. *Verbrugger.*

Ricotta, Flora. Two other Country Lasses.

Inchanters, Furies, Carver, Cryer, Constable, Watch, Musitians, Singers, Dancers and Attendants.

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Ambroſio*, *Manuel*, *Pedro*.

Ambroſ. SO Gentlemen, are all things in order for the Dukes deſign of entertaining this whimſical Knight Errant?

Man. They are Sir, every Servant in the houſe anſwers to his Cue as readily as if he had been brought up in a Theatre.

Ped. We find no one tardy in the buſineſs but *Diego* the Dukes Maſter of the Shepherds, who we hear has almoſt loſt his wits for Love; and the Coxcomb grows every day ſo mop'd with it, that he neglects all other buſineſs.

Ambroſ. There's ſomething in that fellow more than ordinary, a ſwarth complexion, hot and Saturnine, you had beſt look to him Maſter Steward, for I know him to be of a miſchievous nature, and not honeſt. Farewel, I muſt go ſeek the Duke, who is gone to the Grove, juſt by the Park ſide yonder, to meet Don *Quixote*, and bring him to his Caſtle.

Man. Have they lodg'd the Knight then?

Ambroſ. 'Twas all the work of the neighbourhood to watch his motion: *Sancho* we hear was ſent of an Errant to *Toboſo* this morning, but about what we know not—and the Knight ſtays yonder, waiting for his coming—farewel, you had beſt make haſte home before, to get all things in readineſs. [*Exit* Ambroſio.]

Man. I intend it Sir. Come Doctor, we ſhall have rare ſport.

Pedro. —'Sdeath! is't poſſible the Frenzy ſhould ſtill be ſo ſtrong upon the Fool: 'tis not above a Month, ſince a Brother of my Profeſſion, told me that he adminiſtred to him at his Houſe, and had great hopes of his Cure.

Man. There was ſuch a report indeed. The manner of his ridiculous Inchantment, and bringing home in a Cage too, is very authentick—But *Sancho* and he one Night, made a ſhift to give 'em all the ſlip, and this is now his ſecond Sally.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha—And in good time, he undertakes it to give the Duke and Dutcheſs diverſion—Come let's be gone, that I may be ready for my part in the Scene.

Man. The Chaplain muſt not know of it. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Diego *Solus*.

Diego. What are their Frollicks or their Sports to me, that have a

burning Fever in my breast, that hourly consumes me. I know no Master now, but raging Passion, nor own Obedience, but to Love's great power; and my hearts Murdress, the ador'd *Marcella*, whom to enjoy, Ile hazard Credit, Fortune, nay venture at once, my Souls and Body's ruine, and ne're believe that I can pay too dear. [*Pulls out a Letter and muses.*]

Re-enter Ambrosio.

Ambros. I've miss'd the Duke and Dutchess strangely, who I believe, are gone the left hand way over the Pattock,—How now, who have we here, *Diego* the chief Shepherd,—This is the loving Fool they lately talk'd of. Ile stay a little to observe him. [*Absconds behind.*

Diego. This Letter here, shews me the road to happiness, which is just sent me from a trusty friend that I employed to watch her Evening Haunts, and now 'tis done effectually— Reads. *Know she's the proudest of her Sex, as well as the most beautiful, and therefore shuns all Conversation with ours, and generally with her own; therefore to indulge her humour, I have observ'd her several evenings together to walk alone exactly about seven in the Mirtle Grove, that joyns to the Embassadors Garden, where at the aforesaid hour, you may securely seize her. I would assist ye, but the Embassador is this minute sent for to Court—But at my return, I expect the pleasure, to hear that you are reveng'd upon that proud Beauty, that so long has tortur'd ye—the account of which Action will give a secret pleasure, to your faithful Friend, &c.*

Diego. The Action—Oh how my heart leaps in my breast to think ont! Remorse avaunt, I am resolv'd this Evening to force the scornful Fair to quench my flame, and glut my love with the sweet Spoyls of Beauty— [*Exit.* Diego.]

Ambros. Here's a pretty business going forward; why what a damn'd Wolf or Satyr of a Fellow, have I discover'd here among the Sheepcoats—In Love, did they say?—ay, this is the very Devil of a Lover, a most admirable Monster to justify my quarrel to the Sex: this sort of *Coridons* now, would fit the Female Devillings. Dam 'em Ile take no notice on't; no usage can be bad enough for 'em,—But hold, is that resolution like a Gentleman? does it consist with honour? Pox on't, would chance had never led my feet this way. Now I'm a greater Villain than the Ravisher, if I permit the mischief. 'Tis so, and I must prevent it.

In spite of Rancour she shall succour find,
I'll save her honour, tho I hate her kind. [*Exit.*]

Enter Don Quixot *solus.*

Don. Q. Oh that I had, as once young *Phaeton*, the rule of the bright Charriot of the Sun, that I might whip the Hours into more speed, or for a minute could disarm the Furies, to give one good smart lash to lagging *Sancho*, whom I this morning sent, with a Love Message, to my Ador'd and Charming *Dulcinea*. Post on ye sluggish Minutes, run dull Squire, and let thy Thoughts inform thy heavy Heels, the longings of my

my Soul: In the mean time, here in this Grotto, rest thou load of Love, think on thy lovely Charmer, and let thy amorous Soul, send forth no other sound but *Dulcinea*, oh *Dulcinea*. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Yonder he lyes, and as melancholy as a Cat in a Church Steeple, expecting my return, —and now good Brother *Sancho*—be pleas'd to go on with your design, and since you don't like the Message you are sent about, let's see how your Wit can bring you off—let me see, your maggot pated Master *Don Quixot* sends you to *Toboso*, to the Princess *Dulcinea*—very good—Did you ever hear of any such Princess *Sancho*?—no—or has your Master ever seen such?—neither,—why then your errand appears to be but a kind of mad whimsey *Sancho*——no doubt on't—well then, what remedy?—why thus Brother—if your Master can fancy Princesses, where none ere were,—Windmils to be Giants, and flocks of Sheep, Armies—and say every foot that his sight is beguil'd by Inchantments—'twill be as easie for you to take the next Comer *Sancho*—and perswade him to believe 'tis the radiant *Dulcinea*.

Enter two Country Wenches.

1. *C. W.* Come Couzin *Ricotta*, prithee come along; Udsfiflikins, Ile be hang'd if the Bride b'ant gone to Church, before we can get thither.

2. *C. W.* Why prithee how can that be fool, when Father *Jodolet* the Priest, and *Gasper* the Piper, are just gone before us.

1. *C. W.* Pshaw that's all one, the holy Cormorant has been at Breakfast already, he has devoured half a Turkey, and drank a Bottle of *Malaga*,—this Morning, so that he has nothing to do till Dinner, but to chop up Mass, and see 'em joyn'd according to custom.

2. *C. W.* He see 'em joyn'd according to custom, why how now you plaguy Hoyden you,— dee make a pimp of the Priest.

Sanc. Why how now you young pert baggage, a pimp of a Priest, why is that such a miracle. This comes as pat as I could wish, these are two rare Jades for my purpose. [*Aside.*]

2. *C. W.* What ails the Slouch, can't you go on your way, I spoke to my Couzin *Flora*, I did not meddle with you swag-belly.

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ha, it shall be so faith, this shall be the Princess *Dulcinea* Gadzookes,—and this other Dowdy here, shall be her waiting woman—ha, ha, ha. [Sancho *stops 'em.*]

1. *C. W.* What's the matter with the Paunch, what ails the bristle chops, can't you let us go and be hang'd.

Sanc. Till my Lord *Don Quixot*, has kindled his amorous Taper at the Glow-worm Rays, of your Lady the Princess there, not for the world—my dear Lindabrides.

2. *C. W.* What Lady, what Princess? what a Dickins, is the Booby mad?

Sanc. Therefore appear, thou mirrour of Knight Errantry, here is

thy Queen, here is thy *Dulcinea*, Moon of thy hopes, North Star of thy desires, shining with all her fiery beams upon thee.

Enter Don Quixote.

Don. Q. 'Twas *Sancho*'s voice,—and see yonder he stands—welcome thou blest, thou long'd for Messenger,—well and what success good Friend, hah! was the God of Love compassionate?

Sanc. Success, sbud—kneel, kneel; Sir, oons are you blind, why there she is Sir, the Princess, the Peerless *Dulcinea*, the grand *Toboso*, the silver Trumpet of Renown, the fite Arms of Beauty, and the Touch-hole of Love, attended by the most beautiful Babberlips of *Spain*, the lovely—*Wiffundera*. [*They kneel.*]

Don Q. Where is the Princess *Sancho*. [*Staring about.*]

1. *C. W.* Ah Devil on ye, what game, what foolery's this? pray let's go will ye.

Sanc. Oh Princess and Universal Lady of *Toboso*, why does not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the Pillar, and prop of Chivalry prostrate before your sublimated presence: 'Sbud Sir are you dumb?—or are your senses ravish'd from you, at the beams of those fair Eyes, those lushious Bubbies, and Amber Locks, adorn'd with Pearl and Diamonds.

Don Q. Pearl and Diamonds? [*Rubs his Eyes.*]

Sanc. 'Dsheart, what dee lye rubbing your Eyes so for? Why don't you see all this?

Don. Q. Upon my Knighthood—No.

Sanc. The Devil were in ye if you should,—how the clowniſh Jades stare at one another. [*Aside.*]

Don. Q. I see no Princess: the objects that present themselves to me, are Faces most uncomely, dost thou see this rare sight, *Sancho*? [*Rises up.*]

Sanc. Do I? I think I do, I see the Princess shining with Gold there, like a Sun beam, and the most bright and altified *Whiffundera*, blazing like a Star of the first Magnitude.

1. *C. W.* Well enough Brewis-belly; Adshdikins leave off your fooling, and let's be gone, or I'll call out to the Vineyard yonder.

2. *C. W.* There be Folkes there that will take our parts, you may chance to get a drubbing for your Jokes, if you han't a care, Bacon-face. [*Exeunt.*

Sanc. Zooks, Queen Blouze may be in the right in that, therefore I'll make haste.

Don Q. If that be the Princess that spoke last, some Deviliſh Spell this moment is upon me, I am bereav'd of all my sight and senses.

Sanc. How, how's that Sir? I hope not so—— This is what I lookt for, ha, ha, ha, ha, the Trick fadges rarely. *Aside.*

Don Q. Dost thou smell nothing, *Sancho*?

Sanc. A perfum'd sigh or two, the Princess breath'd, Sir, nothing else.

Don Q. Nay, then 'tis plain I'm inchanted—agen, by my Knighthood, it seem'd to me of Garlick.

Don

Don Q. Garlick! oh Villains, now could I eat one of these Inchanting Rogues. And I warrant the Princess and her Lady, Sir, seems to you like two Hog-rubbing Dowdies?

Don Q. Todpoles! Witches! I have not seen two uglier.

Sanc. Good lack a day, that these Deviliſh fellows can do this!—— Keep in your breath, and be hang'd. *Aside.*

2 *C. W.* Keep you off and be hang'd. So ho, in the Vineyard there.

1 *C. W. Pedro, Valaſco, Tarzoe,* ſo ho; odſlid come near me agen—— a couple of Cogging Scoffing Gibers, what a Murrain can't you let people go along the Road? did we meddle with yon? odſlid come near me agen, and I'll give thee ſuch a gripe on the Weazon, I'll make thee kackle agen. [*They run out.*

Don Q. Ugh—there's another whiff, the very —— quinteſſence of Garlick. Oh thou extream of all wickedneſs, thou abhorr'd Inchanter, whoe're thou art, think not becauſe thou canſt pervert my Smelling faculty, and put theſe Clouds and Cataracts in my Eyes, to eclipſe that dazling Beauty from me, that it ſhall ſerve thy turn; no Miſcreant, the time ſhall come, when by my powerful Arm all Charms ſhall be diſſolv'd, and this bright Planet, hid by vile Inchantment, ſhine bright and clear for ever. Is ſhe gone, *Sancho*?

Sanc. Yes Sir, and upon ſo faſt a gallop, that 'tis impoſſible for *Roſinante* to overtake her; therefore pray Sir conſider the Proverb that ſays, To ill accidents apply patience; Let every Conſcience fit itſelf to the times; we ſhall have a ſmiling minute, when we ſhall ſerk theſe plaguy Inchanters before they are aware: In the mean time be pleas'd to think of being an Emperour as ſoon as you can Sir——that I may be a Governour, and raiſe my Family, for to my thinking I ſhould become governing hugely. Well, and now I talk of governing, yonder comes a company that I think look like Emperours and Governours indeed.

Don. Q. Not a word more——I know 'em, 'tis the Great Duke of that noble Seat thou ſeeſt there, with his fair Dutcheſs: And I ſuppoſe my Fame has reach'd his Ears; he comes hither now to find me out.

Enter Duke Ricardo, *Dutcheſs,* Cardenio, Luſcinda, Rodriguez *and Servants.*

Down ſwelling griefs a while be huſht and ſilent, whilſt from theſe great ones I receive that Ceremony my noble Function merits: And dee hear *Sancho,* be ſure you behave your ſelf with that Decorum as ſuits my Squire, and the place y'are in.

Sancho. Well, well, Sir, a word to the wiſe is enough——Manners makes the Man, quoth *William* of *Wickham*——Now we are to deal with People that have a ſcence of governing; I warrant ye let me alone for behaving my ſelf.

Duke, Lure off the Hawks, the day's too hot for ſport, we'll out again in th' Evening—— Moſt noble Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha*—— Fortune has now oblig'd me to my Wiſhes, thou Quinteſcence, thou

Son]

Soul of Arms and Honour, welcome into my Province.

Don Q. Your Graces most devoted, lives no longer, than whilst he is yours in all humble duty.

Duke. Illustrious Errant, I am proud to thank ye—Madam that you may know highly Fortune honours me, I am oblig'd to tell ye this is the Knight of the Ill-favour'd face, the shining Sun of *Spain*, the *Mars* of Arms and Chivalry, whom I desire you to invite to my Castle, that we may shew how we admire such Virtue.

Dutch. I am his Greatnesses most humble Servant, and hope he'll so far honour us.

Don Q. I kiss your beauteous Hand most excellent Lady, and wholly subject my self to your Commands.

Sanc. Subject himself to her Commands,—Gadzooks very pretty, that,—well, this plaguy Devil my Master, has a notable way with him sometimes.

Card. We are all—Valiant Sir, your humble Servants and most oblig'd.

Lusci. But most of all our Sex—as to a Champion whose daily Indeavour is to right our wrongs, with Sword and Launce, on Mountain or in Valley, to vindicate the cause of injured Ladies.

Duke. And this good Fellow, if I mistake not, must sure be trusty *Sancho*, the honest Partner of this brave Knights dangers.

Sanc. Your Mightiness has hit it to a hair—I am the very *Sancho*, indeed a Governour elect too, for all I look so; and as for dangers, why little said is soon amended, common fame is seldom to blame, but Patience is a plaister for all sores. My master and I have heard Wolves howl at Midnight before now,—we know how an Oaken Cudgel can bruise, and what danger is in cold Iron: we are no Flinchers, we.

Don Q. You will forget blunderhead. [*To* Sancho *aside.* A Clownish Prater, my Lord, I hope your Grace will excuse him. [*To the Duke.*]

Duke. Oh, *Sancho* is very pleasant, and his Proverbs become him extreamly—Go some of you and bridle this noble Knights Horse, that I see feeding yonder, and bring him to the Stable; we'll go in the back way over the Garden.

Sanc. And pray Mrs. since I see you have nothing else to do, will you be so kind as to go to yonder Hedge, where [*to* Rodrigues.] you will find a dapple grey Ass,—ty'd and do so much as put him up with *Rozinante*, and pray take what care of him you can, because the poor fool is a little skittish, and I can't wait on him my self, by reason you see me oblig'd to follow my Master.

Rod. How now ignorant Bufflehead, d'e know who you talk to?

Don Q. Oh confound him, did you ever hear such a sordid Son of a Whore? Why thou complicated lump of Dullness, does this good Gentlewoman look like a Groom? Does she seem fit to manage in a Stable, thou incomprehensible Rascal.

Dutch.

Dutch. 'Twas only a small mistake, Sir Knight, my woman's very good natur'd, and I know *Sancho* intended no affront.

Duke. No, no, 'twas a civility any one might have begg'd; besides *Dapple* may be nearer related to *Sancho* than we imagine. I have bit my tongue almost through; I shall ne're be able to hold out.

[*To* Cardenio *aside.*

Carden. Nor I, I dare not look that way for fear of laughing aloud.

Luscind. How Mrs. *Rodriguez* swells, I warrant she could poyson *Sancho* now with all her Soul, for she knows nothing of the design. [*To* Card.

Rod. I shall hardly expose my sense, to resent any thing from such a Rustical Brute; my Breeding and his, I suppose, have been in different stations, therefore the best way of expressing my self about it, is by contempt. I despise the Creature.

Duke. Well, well, since you despise him, so let it end then. Come most Heroick, shall I lead the way —— My Wife attends your motion.

[*Don* Quixote *leads out the Dutchess.*

Don. Q. Her Grace extreamly honours me— Hah ——— Dunghil Vermin is this your manners with a Pox t'ee. [*Aside to* Sancho.

Sanc. Where the Devil's the harm ont? Gadzooks I thought Waiting Women might have gone into Lords Stables, as well as Footmen into Ladies Bed-chambers; but Live and learn, and be hang'd and forget all; there's a good Proverb however.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Bernardo, Mannell, Pedro *and Page.*

Man. COme, are the Musicians ready now for the Entertainment, the Duke and Dutchess are just at the Gate.

Page. They are all tuning their Instruments in the next room.

Man. Page, prithee run and tell the Cook and the Confectioner my Lord will have the Banquet after the Musick is ended. [*Exit Page.*

Bern. And what's all this preparation for I wonder: What silly gambol is going to be plaid now?

Man. And why silly gambol? Lord you are always so peevish Mr. *Cuff-cushion*, there's no living with ye, any thing that does not suit your grave testy humour is silly presently. Pox methinks you should know your station of being unmannerly a little better, be civil here, and be rude when you get into your Pulpit.

Bern. Ah, thou art a pretty fellow to govern a Family with a flashy Head, and a Heart void of Conscience, Morality and Religion. How dar'st thou prophane the Pulpit, Reprobate; a Whore were a more natural thing for thee to talk of.

Man. Why,

Man. Why that's a Pulpit you love to preach in too, as well as I, for all your canting.

Pedro. No, you must let him govern every thing, and then Sir gravity will be easie; let but the head Butler be his Croney, and my Ladies pretty Chambermaid sit on his Bed-side in a Morning, and mend his Stockings, and then you shall hear him rail no more, nor ever have a Sermon against Drinking or Whoring.

Bern. Why thou insect, bred from excrement; thou Quack, with not skill enough to cure a Lap-dog of the Mange? thou venery-promoter, art thou shooting thy Turpentine Pills at me too.

Man. Put him but into a fret, and 'twill be better sport, than a Bearbaiting, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Fulsom Idiot, poor wretch:

Man. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——poor Vestry dawber.

Pedro. Come, come, prithee,——now let's leave him to chew the Cud upon contemplation——here comes my Lord.

Enter Duke, Cardenio *and Page.*

Duke. Is he unarm'd?

Page. They are doing it my Lord, and treating him in all points, as your Grace has order'd.

Card. My Lady Dutchess will grow fat with laughing, I never saw her take so much pleasure in any Jest before

Duke. Go you and assist in the Ceremony, and be sure [*To* Man. *and* Pedro.] to use him according to the custom of Knight Errants of old, which I have read t'e in books of Chivalry——how now *Bernardo*, what is your reverend solidity musing on, hah? [*Exit.* Man. *and* Pedro.]

Bern. I am musing my Lord, on those books of Chivalry, which I have of late often found you reading, and I profess I wonder that a man of your clear Sense and good parts, should waste your precious time so unprofitably.

Duke. Testy Fool, now if I would permit him, would this peevish Blockhead, be impertinent two long hours by the Clock,——Come, come, I'll endure no reproof now; if thou'lt be sociable, and take part of the Musick and the Banquet, 'tis well, if not.——

Bern. The Musick— No, not I, Heaven estrange my ears from hearing such Vanity,——as for the other part, it is my duty to give a Blessing to't, therefore I shall attend. [*Exit* Bern.

Card. Ay to the eating part, I warrant thee, if any of thy Tribe are wanting at that I much wonder.

Musick sounds, then enter Don Quixote *unarm'd, with a rich Mantle over him, and led between the Dutchess and* Luscinda, Sancho *following with* Rodriguez *and Servants, they place Don* Quixot *in the chief Seat, and all sit down.*

Duke. Long

Duke. Long live the Flower of Knight Errantry, the renowned Don *Quixote de la Mancha.*

Dutch. Vivat the Succourer of Widows and Orphans.

Card. The Righter of Wrongs, and Retriever of the ancient and most noble Laws of Chivalry.

Luscind. The Tamer of Giants, and undaunted Queller of Monsters and Furies.

Duke. Let the Sports begin to entertain him, and let no part be wanting to do him honour.

SONG.

I.

IF you will Love me, be free in Expressing it,
And henceforth give me no Cause to complain;
Or if you hate me, be plain in Confessing it,
And in few words put me out of my pain.
This long decaying, with sighing and praying,
Breeds only delaying in Life and Amour,
Cooing and Wooing,
And daily pursuing,
Is damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o're.

II.

If you'll propose a kind method of ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,
I must be plain I am none of your Men;
Passion for passion on each kind occasion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious prating,
Coy folly debating,
And now doubts creating, still makes it expire.

The Lady's Answer.

I.

YOU Love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art;
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
Fye, fye, deceiver,
No longer endeavor,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won?
No fond Caressing
Must be, nor unlacing,
Or tender embracing 'till th' Parson has done.

II.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts Destroyer and Plague of their Lives:
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho not Prison agree,
Ventring that Chouse you,
Must let me Espouse you
If e're, my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

Here follows an Entertainment of Dancing, then the Banquet is prepared and brought in; the Duke places Don Quixote *at the upper end of the Table, but he refuses it.*

Enter Bernardo *and says Grace.*

Don Quix. I do beseech your Grace, I shall dye with Blushing.

Duke. The highest merit must have highest place.

Don. Quix. My Lord, you confound me with excess of favour.

Duke. Nay, nay, it must be so, Sir.

(*They sit, and* Sancho *waits on Don* Quixote.

Bern. On my Conscience this is that Scare-crow Knight Errant Don *Quixote*, that I have heard the Duke talk so often of; oh the whimsical Idiot! [*Sits at the lower end.*

Dutch. Indeed, Sir Knight, if I may speak my thoughts, your Modesty is a great deal too nice: You needs must know your place, where-e're you are.

Sancho. Now have I two Proverbs at my tongues end, that I'de give half my Government to vent—— One is, He that has more manners than he ought, is more a Fool than he thought; and t'other is, there is more ado with one Jackanapes, than with all the Bears.

Dutch. How now Friend *Sancho*, what are you muttering, come we must have no wit lost.

Sancho. Ah blessing on your Nobleness's prating place; y're a princely Jewel, I'll say that for ye: And now my Master Don *Quixote* has put me in the mind on't—I could tell ye a very pretty tale that happened in our Town, concerning places.

Don. Quix. You will prate Jolthead——I beseech your Graces, let this Coxcomb be thrust out, we shall hear a thousand follies else.

Bern. By my sincerity these are both craz'd alike, and I shall ne're have patience to hear half their Fooleries.

Duke. By no means, my noble Sir, *Sancho* must needs go on with his tale.

Card. Oh we lose our chief diversion else—— for his wit and good humour must needs make it very pleasant.

Lusc. There-

Luſc. Therefore begin quickly, honeſt Friend, for my Lady Dutcheſs and I are impatient till we hear it.

Sancho. Why then thus it goes, you muſt know then, that there was a Gentleman in our Town, nearly related to Don *Alonzo de Maranon*, Knight of the Order of St. *Jaques*, who was drown'd in the *Heradura*, about whom that quarrel was a little while ſince in our Town; Maſter mine, pray Sir, were not you in't— Where little *Thomas* the Madcap, Son to *Balvaſtro* the Smith, had a deep wound in the *Scrotum* as they call'd it, about the Widow *Waggum*.

Don Q. A plague on thee for a Cruſt-grinder, doſt thou begin a Tale without head or foot, and then ask me a queſtion—— Now do I ſweat for the Rogue. [*Aſide.*

Sancho. Well, well, then 'tis no great matter—— And ſo this Gentleman that I told you firſt of, invited a poor Husbandman to Dinner; and ſo the poor man coming to the Gentleman Inviters Houſe, Heaven be merciful to him, for he is now dead; and for a further Token, they ſay, died like a Lamb——— for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another Town to reaping.

Bern. Ay, and prithee come back from reaping quickly, without burying the Gentleman, unleſs thou haſt a mind to kill us too with expectation.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Quix. Oh tardy Hellhound, I'm in a Feaver for him. [*Aſide.*

Sancho. Ne're fear, Sir, I'll be mannerly. [*To Don* Quixote *apart.*] And ſo, as I was ſaying, both being ready to ſit down to Table, the poor man contended with the Gentleman not to ſit uppermoſt, and the Gentleman with him that he ſhould, as meaning to command in his own houſe, but ſtill the Country Booby pretending to be mannerly and courteous, would not; till the Gentleman very angry, thrufting him down, ſaid to him, ſit there you Thraſher, for wherever I ſit with thee ſhall ſtill be the upper end: and now you have my tale forſooth, and I hope pretty well to the purpoſe. [*Don* Quixote *frowns on* Sancho.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Duke. A very admirable tale and quantity delivered, ha, ha, ha.

Dutch. Poor *Sancho* will pay for this anon; the Knight looks very angry, I'll try to divert it—My Lord, Don *Quixote*, I beſeech ye, if my requeſt be not improper, how fares the gracious *Dulcinea del Toboſo*,—— and what Giants, Bugbears and Captives have you ſent her lately.

Don Q. How could I mumble that Dog, if I had him in a corner. [*Aſide.*

Sancho. What a plague's the matter, I've ſaid ſomething amiſs now I ſee by's look.

Don Q. Ah Madam, there you divide my heart in ſunder, the beauteous *Dulcinea* is inchanted.

Dutch. Is't poſſible!

Bern. Ye Crack-brain'd Idiot, I profeſs I can bear no longer. Fie, fie,

my Lord and Madam, what dee mean——I vow your Graces are much to blame t' indulge the Frenzy of this Lunatick.

Don. Q. How? What's that Sir, Lunatick?

Carden. Now comes the ſport.

Luſc. The Prieſt has ſmothered his teſty humour till he's black in the face.

Bern. Who thruſt it into your brains Don *Quixote*, or Don Coxcomb, that you are a Knight Errant, with a murrain tee, and that you can kill Giants, Monſters, Bugbears— Or know of any Princeſs that's enchanted? Is not this *Spain*, incorrigible Dull-pate? What Errants are there here? Or what uſe of 'em, hah?

Don. Q. Oh monſtrous! Oh thou old black Fox with a Firebrand in thy tail, thou very Prieſt, thou Kindler of all Miſchiefs in all Nations, dee hear, Homily, did not the Reverence that I bear theſe Nobles bind my juſt rage, I would ſo thrum your Caſſock, you Church Vermin.

Bern. I profeſs, I have a great mind to ſtrip, I have much ado to forbear——but hold, I will not ſhame my Coat——I will abſent me prudently——Well, Madman, paſſion is an ill arguer, ſome other time we will diſpute this point——Till when farewel——Addle-pate.

Don Q. Adieu Scripture-groper. [*Exit* Bernardo.

Duke. A waſpiſh ſtrange old Fool: I hope, Sir, you take no offence.

Don Q. None, none, my Lord, upon my Honour, Women and Prieſts may ſay any thing.

Duke. He ſhall beg your pardon. Hey *Page*, bid the Chaplain wait me in the Park. [*Exit Page.*

Dutch. Come will you retire, Sir, for an hour, and then we'll divert you abroad with Hawking.

Don. Q. I am your Graces ever. [*Exit leading the Dutcheſs.*

Sancho. I am glad of this; that Black Coat's prating has made him forget me.

Carden. Come, my Dear, lets follow and laugh.

This but begins the Farce which yet we ſee:
Luſc.——*Where theſe Fools are, there muſt Diverſion be.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Diego *diſguis'd, pulling in* Marcella.

Marcel. HElp, help, for Heavens ſake help.

Diego. You call in vain, nothing can help you now but fair compliance. *Marc.* Help,

Marcel. Help, help——is no bleſt charitable creature near, to help a Maid in her diſtreſs?

Diego. Yes I.

Marcel. Thou art a Devil.

Diego. So, my Dear, art thou, a very Devil, and the Hell I've ſuffer'd, through thy nice Female Pride and Obſtinacy, is greater than the Damn'd below endure; but I am now grown a profound Magician, and I can conjure that proud Dæmon from thee, that late inſulted o're all human kind. You now muſt love, *Marcella.*

Marcel. Curſt ſound, and now more curſt than ever, coming from the mouth of ſuch a Fury.

Diego. Ay, this is well now——I am pleas'd to ſee that *Lucifer* keeps his old ſtation in your proud heart; my Spell will work the better. Mildneſs perhaps had wrought me to a ſtile of whining Love, to court and ſue for favour, look like a Fool, be modeſt, cringe and bow, lye like a Chambermaid, and at laſt get nothing, but Y'are an Ill-favour'd Monſter, and I ſcorn ye.

Marcel. No ſuccour yet! no kind relieving Paſſenger!

Diego. But now you ſhew your Sex in their true quality you more oblige me; I now can bluntly ſeize thee without wooing, and like a man claim Beauty as my due, pattern the noble Savages of old, when Woman, like the reſt of other Females, patiently couch'd under the Male Prodominance; and ſince you are obſtinate and ſtubborn, inſtruct the reſt of men by my example.

Marcel. What doſt thou propoſe, oh, thou moſt abhorr'd?

Diego. To make a Convert of thee——. What a ſtrange, coy, wild, impertinent, unnatural thing haſt thou been hitherto, thou woreſt thy Eyes as if thou wert a Baſilisk, deſtroying others, ſtill to pleaſe thy ſelf; thou taughtſt thy tongue to murder all thy Lovers by proud refuſals——thy hands to tear their Letters, and thy feet to run away like an ungrateful *Daphne*, tho an *Apollo* followed.

Marcel. 'Tis my nature, born for my ſelf; all men are my averſion.

Diego. Then know, that I was born to new create thee; I will not have thoſe Beauties loſt through Pride, which Nature firſt intended for Injoyment; your Eyes ſhall learn to ſmile, your Lips to kiſs, your Tongue to praiſe your Lover; Arms t' embrace him: I'll mould your body to a proper form, make every part about you do its office, and fit ye for the buſineſs of the world.

Marcel. The Devil ſhall have you firſt.

Diego. The Devil ſhall have me after, Child, as he and I agree upon't; but before hand I'll beg his Devilſhips pardon.

Marcel. Oh, how I hate this fellow! What a rage I feel within my boſom glow againſt him? What! Shall I ſue to any man for favour; I that have through the ſeries of paſt years, made 'em the buſineſs of my jeſt and railery? Shall I ſubmit and beg? I'll rather dye firſt.

Diego I.

Diego. I can but think how much the case is alered; how many tedious hours with downcast Eyes, pale Cheeks, a throbbing Heart, and Arms across, have I watched a kind look of this *Calisto*, who now I can command ——— Come will you be kind and freely.

Marcel. If, (as the word has always been a stranger to me, when it related to thy Sex) if I could be kind, canst thou believe, oh thou foul Criminal, such words as these could win me!

Diego. Oons I have no Complements; all women have been spoil'd since men first us'd 'em. *Kiss and Consent at first begot the Joy; 'twas Sighs and Whinings bred the Pish and Fye* — I will be fool'd no longer. [*Strikes him.*

Marcel. Stand off rude Hell-hound, I yet have some defence; when Innocence fights, each Pin, each little Bodkin, will prove a Lance to wound the curst Assailer! Oh, thou most vile of Creatures that is, (thou man) dost thou believe I will yield tamely to thee? No, I will make each Nail an Eagles Talon, my Teeth shall tear thy flesh, my Eyes shall blast thee; and in this noble cause, this little Arm, in my defence, be like the Club of *Hercules*, thou worst of all Male Devils, Ravisher.—

Diego. Oh, I shall cool your Courage. [*Goes to seize her.*

Enter Ambrosio. Ambrosio *confronts him.*

Ambr. And I yours, Sir, I must make bold to interrupt your sport a little, the Duke shall have no Satyrs in his Family. Come, come, Sir, deliver me your Sword.

Diego. My Sword? It must be this way then: I'm upon the forlorn hope, and so have at ye, Sir, [*Fight and* Ambrosio *disarms him.*

Marcel. Ambrosio! Heavens! Is't he I am oblig'd to for this Succour! The Man of all the World I've least deserv'd from——— I'm so confounded with shame I cannot look on him. [*Aside.*

Ambr. Now Villain, you shall obey in spite of ye; but more of that presently, first let's see the Woman——— Hah, *Marcella*! Oh blind, blind Chance, Oh ill contriving Fortune, thou knowest I hate the curst Cleft Tribe in general; and couldst thou 'mongst the rout of female mischiefs, find me no other to oblige but this! This worst of all the Sex! This damning *Eve*, with not one only, but Legion of Serpents round her!

Marcel. What do I feel! His words shoot through my heart, as if 'twere wounded with a Sheaf of Arrows; I am not angry neither to hear him rail, but chang'd so, that methinks I could hear more.

Ambr. Oh thou dear *Manes* of my brave Friend *Chrisostome*, art thou not angry with thy poor *Ambrosio*, whose ill plac'd stars maliciously compel him to vindicate the honour of thy Murdress?

Marcel. Since the good deed y'have done, cause 'twas for me, so much offends your thoughts, oblige us both, and kill me; for I can bear death better than your words. Kill me, and I am then out of your debt, and you reveng'd for *Chrisostome*.

Ambr. No, live however, and (if a woman can) repent; for 'twere damnation

damnation certain, now to kill thee; live therefore, but let me see those baneful Eyes no more; lock from henceforth those *Ignes Fatui* up, that lead men wandring into Bogs and Ditches; veil 'em I say, that I again may never be troubled to defend your Caterwawling; a creature that can purr, and then can squeak, that scratching can repulse the eager Lover, and yet be prompt and willing to engender: Away, there's counsel for ye. Come, Sir, now march before me; something remains for you too——go on.

Diego. Had I but done the deed I had not car'd. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Marcella.

Marcel. Yet thou art brave: Oh Heaven what shall I do to pay the Debt of Gratitude I owe thee; what a forlorn and miserable Wretch had I been but for thee! Oh I am lost! What Beauty, Riches or the Gloss of Honour, with all th' allurements never could subdue, is conquer'd by this great, this generous Action: My Heart is melting, and a new strange passion fills all my bosom, that firm resolute will, that stood unshock'd to the deserts of *Chrisostome*, is wholly Captive to the brave *Ambrosio*. In vain is Art or Obstinacy now.

In vain does weakned Force resist the stronger;
The Fort's o're-pow'r'd, and can hold out no longer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Cardenio *and* Mannel.

Duke. Is the Doctor ready with his disguise for *Merlin*.

Man. He has been dress this hour my Lord; the Page too is perfect in his part of *Dulcinea*; we only wait my Lady Dutchess coming back, who is gone after the Hawk the back side of the Wood——And then we shall begin the Comedy.

Carden. The Knight and the Parson are still in hot argument yonder; the Cassock and the Helmet are at mortal odds; the Church Militant scorns to truckle to the Camp, he'll not ask him pardon, he says, tho all the Knights of the *Round Table* were by to back him.

Duke. I took this opportunity of slipping from 'em, to take breath a little, and laugh by my self——See here they come, away *Mannel* to your Fellows, and assoon as ever it begins to be dark do as I've order'd.

Man. We'll be punctual as the minute, my Lord.

Enter Don Quixote *and* Bernardo.

Duke. Well, Chaplain, is the business reconcil'd; have you done Justice to this noble Knight?

Bern. I profess, I think I have, I have told him plainly he is a Madman, and have conscientiously propos'd to him a certain remedy

Don Q. I have not told you yet, that a Clergyman may be a Blockhead, tho I may ſuppoſe it, only to ſhew the different manners betwixt my Function and yours.

Carden. Nay, if the Sword and the Gown can agree no better, we are like to ſee but an ill Reformation.

Duke. Once more, I ſay, ask him pardon *Bernardo.*

Bern. For what my Lord, I profeſs, I begin to fear, he has infected your Grace with his own diſtemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ——— He'll call me Fool preſently.

Bern. For me that have ſwallowed and digeſted Sciences, as common as Loins of Mutton, to affront Learning ſo vilely, to compare with one that's ignorant of all ——— A downright Madman.

Don Q. Good words, Prieſt, good words, did Religion teach you to be rude, Sir Caſſock? Beſides, to ſhew I am not ſo ignorant, as you'd make me, know I have learnt the Sciences ——— and made addition to excel your Gown by one much better than the reſt, Knight Errantry.

Bern. That a Science, oh ridiculous, harkee; prithee prepare thy brains a little, to anſwer me one queſtion.

Duke. Ay, now they buckle to't.

Bern. What's a Knight Errant good for?

Don Q. Every thing: He that is honoured with that Function underſtands a Science that contains in't all the reſt, which thus I make appear. Firſt, He muſt be skill'd in the Law, to know Juſtice diſtributive and commutative, to do right to every one: He muſt be a Divine, to know how to give a reaſon clearly of his Chriſtian Profeſſion: He muſt be a Phyſician, and chiefly an Herbaliſt, to know in a Wilderneſs or Deſart, what Herbs have vertue to cure Wounds; for your Knight Errant muſt not be looking out every piſſing while for a Surgeon to heal him: He muſt be an Aſtronomer, to know in the night what a Clock 'tis by the Stars: He muſt be alſo a Mathematician, and principally a good Cook, becauſe it may very often happen, he may have occaſion to dreſs his own Dinner. Nor ſhould he only be adorn'd with all divine and moral vertues, but he muſt deſcend to Machanicks alſo; for he muſt know how to ſhoe a Horſe, to mend a Saddle, to ſoal a Boot, to dearn a Stocking, to ſtitch a Doublet; and in ſhort, to do all things that reaſon can imagine. And all theſe things, and as many more, is your Knight Errant good for.

Card. What ſay to this, my good Divinity Teacher; methinks the Knight has given ye a very fair accompt of his Function.

Don Q. And now I have anſwered his queſtion, I think 'tis but reaſonable to ask him one: I demand of him then, and put it fairly to his Conſcience, I ſay, I deſire to know of him ——— What a Chaplain's good for?

Duke. By my troth a ſhrewd queſtion.

Card. And put home too, as the caſe now ſtands.

Bern.

Bern. Oh ſinful Caitiff, is that a queſtion to be asked in theſe religious times: Come, come, I'll tell thee that preſently——— Humh, good for? Why in the firſt place, let me ſee, What's a Chaplain good for? Oh, now I have it; why all the ſerious part of the world muſt allow that. [*They laugh*] Humh——— What's a Chaplain good for? Well, I profeſs I was ne're ſo puzzled in all my life.

[*Chaplain offers to ſpeak, and they hinder him.*

Carden. Ay, 'tis plain now, the cauſe is loſt, the Chaplain's confounded, he has not a word to ſay for himſelf, ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Eagerneſs and Rage have ſo choak'd him, he has no utterance——Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bern. What am I become a jeſt, fye my Lord, where is the decency, where is the ſagacity! Oh ſtrange this is very unſeemly— And I'll be gone leſt choler ariſe, and I exceed the bounds of diſcretion: Oh, my Lord this is very unſeemly. [*Exit.*

Duke. Now will he be muſty this month, and we ſhan't get a word from him.

Don Q. Hah, what dreadful ſounds are theſe. [*Horrid Sounds are heard within.*]

Card. Moſt wonderful! [*A Noiſe like a Woman's Shreeks.*

Duke. Oh yonder are the Lights, I ſee they are coming. [*To* Card.

Don Q. That laſt to me ſeemd like the cry of women, this may be ſome Adventure worth my notice.

Enter Dutcheſs, Luſcinda, Rodriguez, *and* Sancho, *as frighted.*

Dutch. Oh ſave me, my Lord, ſave me.

Duke. How now, for Heavens ſake what's the matter! [*Embr. her.*

Luſc. The Wood's all in a Flame, a thouſand Spirits are in't, and all coming this way, oh———What will become of us?

Rodr. One of 'em made me ſhreek ſo loud with a fright, that I'm ſure I could not be louder, if I were to be raviſhed.

Sancho. All Hell is broke looſe yonder! There are Devils a foot, and Devils in Coaches, and Devils of all ſorts, ſhapes and ſizes, oh! Where's this plaguy Chaplain now; I never had ſuch a mind to pray in my life? Fly, fly, good Sir, oh gadzooks, they'll be here in a twinkling.

Don Q. Why let 'em come, ſtand by me and fear nothing.

[*Horrid noiſe again.*

Duke. This is ſomething more than natural, and I confeſs amazes me.

Enter Mannel *diſguis'd like a Devil, blowing a Horn.*

Luſc. Save us ye powers——What horrid thing is this?

Duke. I'll ſpeak to't, for by Don *Quixotes* ſide, how terrible ſoe're it be I cannot fear, ſpeak thou frightful Viſion—— What art thou—

Man. I am a Devil.

Duke. Lucifer?

Man. No, his Butler; I fill up molten Lead in Cups of Agat to all the Wretches that are damn'd for drinking.

Card. What dost thou from thy Office then, and whither art thou going?

Man. My Master now has lent me out to *Merlin*, Prince of the Inchanters, who is coming yonder, bringing the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso* with him inchanted, and I am sent before to seek a famous Knight they call Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, to tell him how the Princess may be freed.

Don Q. If thou wert a Devil of Parts and Understanding, thou wouldst have known without my information, that I am Don *Quixote*.

Man. By my Conscience and Soul, Sir, I think you are, and I beg your Pardon with all my heart, but I was so busied in my several cogitations, that I forgot the chief, as I hope to be sav'd.

Sancho. Gadzooks, I am not half so much afraid now as I was, this Devil seems to be a very honest fellow, and I'll warrant him a good Christian, because he swears by his Soul and Conscience; but yet he makes me laugh to talk of *Dulcinea*'s Inchantment, ha, ha, ha— Mum for that, I'm sure I know the trick of that better than any Devil of 'em all. [*Aside.*

Man. Prepare thy self therefore, oh most renown'd, for here they come, clear, clear thy Eyes from dust, and pick thy ears, that thou may'st take the secrets with attention; nor be thou daunted, for *Merlin* holds thee well—I can no more, the rest himself will tell.

[*Exit blowing his Horn.*

Don. Q. I see impertinence is a vice amongst those in the other world as well as this, this foolish Spirit might have spar'd his bidding me not be daunted, if he had known how to manage a Speech wisely.

Duke. The Butler was in the right, Sir, here comes more of the Devils Officers.

Don Q. Let him send all his Family, my Lord, I know how to answer 'em, I'll warrant ye—

Musick sounds, and then a Dance of Spirits is performed, which ended the Scene opens, and discovers Pedro *dress like* Merlin, *and Page like* Dulcinea, *sitting in a Chariot.*

Pedro. I come, O valiant Knight, to let thee see, tho all the rest of sage Inchanters hate thee, that *Merlin* is thy Friend; here is thy Mistriss inchanted to a foul rude Country Dowdy by the malice of thy cruel Foe *Lyrgander*, and if thou seest her now beauteous as formerly, 'tis through my present grace, and to move pity in those that are concern'd to disinchant her, for she must turn to her vile shape again till the curst Spell be ended, which to perform observe my words with care, and listen to what the destinies ordain.

Don Q. Most reverently, and in all humble duty, I thank the gracious *Merlin* for his Clemency.

Sancho.

Sancho. What a plague have I been in a dream then all this while; and when I thought I had fooled others, am I a Fool my self, and is she really inchanted after all.

Dutch. Now is *Sancho* at his wits end to know, whither he may believe his Eyes and Ears, or no.

Luscin. But his Master there is wholly transported, the Lady *Dulcinea*'s fair eyes have enchanted him more than she is by the Magician *Lyrgander*, ha, ha, ha.

Card. Softly, sweet Love, they'll hear ye.

Sancho. Why a man shant be sure, that he has his own Nose on at this rate; I would have laid my Earldom that I am to have to a Cucumber, that I had enchanted her my self, and now Mr. *Merlin* there makes it out, that it was done before. Gadzooks I believe we are all enchanted, and Swarms of Devils like Gnats and Flies are buzzing in every corner.

Don Q. Peace Babbler, eternal Mill-Clack, let your Clapper lye still a while, that the great *Merlin* may unfold himself.

Duke. We have had the Prologue to't already, he has strok'd his Beard three times—now one good sound hem— and we have it.

Pedro. speaking with a grave and loud voice.

If Dulcinea, *from an ugly Creature,*
Would be transform'd to this her former feature,
The Powers, who now her Beauty do retain,
To free her from the Curse, do thus ordain;
That Sancho *shall three thousand Lashes give*
Himself; and them on Buttocks bare receive:
This done, from her Inchantment shall relieve her;
But not perform'd, she shall be charm'd for ever.

Sancho starts, and looks dismay'd.

Don Q. A thousand Blessings fall on *Merlins* Tongue, that like an Oracle has now deliver'd these happy sounds—Oh *Sancho*, Brother *Sancho*, or how shall I stile thee, to express my self more tenderly; my Son, my Friend, how am I overjoy'd to know that thou art to be the glorious means of *Dulcinea*'s freedom; for now I reckon it as good as finish'd.

Sancho. Oh not too fast, good Sir; there's a great deal to be said upon this matter yet; An old Ape has an old Eye: I know well enough Mr. *Merlin* has ow'd me an ill will ever since the Cage business, and now thinks to revenge himself upon my Buttocks for't; but 'tis all one, forewarn'd, fore-arm'd, better a fair pair of heels, than eye at the Gallows; tho I han't an ounce of Brains I may have a drachm—I can tell that four and five make nine, tho I am no Conjurer.

Don Q. Oh prithee sheath, sheath up thy Proverbs now if thou lov'st me, and prepare thy self to disenchant the Princess, dear *Sancho*.

Sancho. Ay now 'tis dear *Sancho*, now you have occasion for my Buttocks 'tis dear *Sancho*; but just now I was a Babbler, a Mill-clack, and every foot a Hound, a Vermin, and I know not what; therefore I'gad I'le make much of one, good men are scarce, the Hound shall have more

wit than to lash himself, Ile tell ye but that.

Don Q. How's this! Darst thou provoke my Rage by a Denial?

Duke. Consider what you owe to the merits of your Master, *Sancho* that sure must soften your hard heart.

Carden. And to the Princess too——his Soul, his better part, from whose benign and wonderful Influence, all honours must arise.

Dutch. 'Tis but three thousand Lashes— and alas—what are those.

Sancho. Alas those are nothing, I warrant nothing; [*Sancho mimicks her:* but if your Ladyships tender hide were to disenchant some body at this rate, I believe you would be glad to bate some of those. Oons does your Grace believe my Buttocks are made of Buckskin?

Luscind. Really 'tis great pity the world should be depriv'd of such an excellent Beauty, and I am very certain that generous *Sancho* will quickly relent, and willingly sacrifice his Backside to end the Inchantment.

Sancho. Why there's another now, I warrant that squeaking Devil could flaug a man to death by her good will. Why what a plague has my generous Backside to do with Inchantments? [*Mimicking her.* or why must I be oblig'd to demolish the Beauty of my Backside, to recover the Beauty of her Face; 'tis my Masters business I think, and since he is to enjoy the one, let him take the tother along too, for my part Ile have nothing to do with it.

Page as for Dulcinea. Is it then possible, thou Soul of Lead, thou Marble-breasted Rocky-hearted Squire, that thou shouldst boggle at such easie penance, to do thy Lord and me so great a favour? Hadst thou been doom'd to eat a hundred Toads, three thousand Lizzards or a peck of Vipers, to sheer thy Eye-lids, flea thy Head and Face, or broyl thy self three hours upon a Grid-Iron, this had been something for thee to refuse; but since the thing impos'd is but a flauging, a punishment each paultry School-boy laughs at, and which each rampant antiquated Sinner chooses for Pleasure; this to deny, especially when the performance would retrieve my Beauty, supple my Skin, and make this Olive-colour'd face as fair as now it seems, is a Barbarity unpardonable, and the World will hate thee for't.

Don Q. And let thy sweetness know, that he shall do't, tho he could herd with a young brood of Giants, fierce as the old that combated with *Jove*— Harkee, Rascal, Garlick-eater, I will tye thee naked to a Tree, and instead of the three thousand Lashes give thee six, and each of those six inches deep, if I but hear thee breathe another word like a refusal.

[*Takes hold of* Sancho, *who trembles.*

Pedro. Hold, noble Knight, thou errst, that must not be, for the great powers have order'd the Pennance done must not be forc'd but willingly.

Sancho. Why then every-one as you were, and face about to the right again; God a mercy for that i'faith Master *Merlin.* [*Getting from Don* Quixote] Lookee, Sir, there's no more to be said, you hear what the

the grand powers have ordered: Come, come, 'tis ill ſhaving againſt the hair; the wearer beſt knows where the Shoe wrings him; beſides you know the old ſaying, Scratch my back, and I'll claw your elbow; there's nothing to be done but by fair means, think of that, Sir.

Don Q. Why then a thouſand times begging thy pardon, *Sancho*, I do intreat thy favour in this buſineſs.

Sancho. Humh—humh—intreat my favour.

Don Q. Conſider friend our future riſe depends on the performance; for wanting her influence I can be no Emperor, nor thou no Governor, which if once done I promiſe thee within a month at fartheſt.

Sancho. Why, ay, Sir, this is ſomething now—— but yet three thouſand Laſhes, humh——

Duke. Nay, as to that, if *Sancho* be ſo generous to diſinchant the Lady, he ſhall not ſtay ſo long to have a Government, for I have now an Iſland at his ſervice.

Card. Oh fortunate *Sancho*, Oh moſt happy Squire, I ſhall be proud to wait on him.

Dutch. And I.

Luſc. And all of us.

Sancho. Ay marry Sir, now you ſound well indeed, there's no ſqueaking in this Bagpipe; why 'tis a wonderful thing to think now, how benefits have power to alter reſolutions, and how merrily an Aſs will trip it up Hill that's laden with Gold and Jewels; methinks I am ſtrangely alter'd on the ſudden, and am not ſo averſe to this Laſhing as before.

Don Q. Well, are things yet according to thy wiſh, art thou now ſatisfied, that by my means, thou ſhalt become a Governor, does thy heart yet relent?

Sancho. It does, Sir, and you may ſee it in my Eyes. [*weeping*] You may find by me too, that he that is obſtinate wears his Coat ſooneſt thredbare, and folly may hinder a man of many a good turn. I beſeech ye, Sir, to pardon my Proverbs, and thank the Duke there for his noble favour, which I do now reſolve to deſerve by my ſpeedy diſenchanting the Lady *Dulcinea*, who yet e're morning ſhall find her buſineſs much better'd, if my Buttocks can be but in humour.

Don Q. There ſpoke my Brother, my Right hand, my Genius.

Duke. The Iſlands name is *Barataria*—and here I do declare before ye all, Don *Sancho* is the Governour.

Omn. Long live the Governour of the Iſland *Barataria*.

Pedro. 'Tis well, and more to celebrate this hour, I by my Art will ſhow how I approve it.

SONG.

Pedro waves his Wand, then here is perform'd this Song sung by a Milkmaid, and followed by a Dance of Milkmaids.

SONG.

I.

YE *Nymphs and* Sylvan *Gods,*
That Love Green Fields and Woods,
When Spring newly born,
Her self does adorn,
With Flowers and Blooming Buds;
Come Sing in the praise,
Whilst Flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant Vale,
Of those that choose
Their sleeps to lose,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoos,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

II.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air;
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Consort on each green Thorn,
The Ousle and Thrush,
On every Bush;
And the Charming Nightingal;
In merry Vain,
Their Throats do strain,
To entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

III. *When*

III.

When cold bleak Winds do Roar,
And Flow'rs can ſpring no more,
The Fields that were ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By winter all Candy'd are,
Oh! how the Town Laſs,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not ſo,
With thoſe that go,
Through Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

IV.

The Miſs of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With waſhes and Paint,
Her Skin does ſo Taint,
She's wither'd before She's old,
Whilſt She in Commode,
Puts on a Cart-load;
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tail;
What Joys are found,
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, Plump and Round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

V.

The Girls of Venus *game,*
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame;
If Men were ſo Wiſe,
To value the prize,
Of the Wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of Beaus,
Won'd dawb their Cloaths,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe
That carry the Milking Pail.

Gardens

Carden. *Merlin* is pleas'd at *Sancho*'s condescension, which he has drove by this strange Entertainment.

Don Q. And *Dulcinea* smil'd most radiantly.

Luscind. And at her going made a low bow to *Sancho.*

Duke. Come Governour, now let us house to Supper, where we'll confer about some publick matters relating to your Charge.

Dutch. Take heed you are not cruel, our Islanders will ne're endure a Tyrant.

Sancho. Oh let me alone for that Madam, I'll be as mild as a Milch Cow: I have nothing rough about me but my Beard.

Thus goes the World Sirs, many must fall low,
Whilst others rise up high;
Many get Governments the Lord knows how,
And so Gadzooks have I.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcella *walks over the Stage pensively.*

Afterwards Enter Cardenio *and* Ambrosio.

Card. —— *So* Cynthia *rose amidst the Myrtle Grove,* [*Speaking as* Marcella *passes by.*
Like the Queen Mother of the Stars above.
Oh, dear *Ambrosio,* good morrow to thee, what you come from seeing Execution done upon *Diego*?

Ambr. I have seen him soundly whipt, and turn'd our of his Employment this morning.

Card. Insolent Villain! was there no one to attacque but the chief Beauty of our Groves, the Glory of the Plains, and Darling of the Shepherds, the admir'd *Marcella.* *Leandro* her Father it seems was there too, who, I hear, has made a particular Suit to the Duke about his Daughter.

Ambr. Your Intelligence is good, Sir.

Card. My Intelligence is good? Why, how now Friend, art thou grown resty, is that all, to say my Intelligence is good? nay, then you shall find my Intelligence is better; for I heard a Bird sing, that the old Man, weighing your late brave action done for her, and knowing you to be the Dukes kinsman, has made an offer of his Daughter for a Wife

Carden.

Card. So, Sir, I gad, and I think very well too Sir, what a Pox ails thee? Why thou art as musty, as if thou hadst been offer'd a Witch without a Portion, or dost thou banter me with a fit of dissimulation? Hah, come, come, Sir, welcome your happy Planet with smiles, *Plato*, *Socrates* and *Aristotle* are good Companions when a man has an Estate, but horribly dull and phlegmatick fellows when the Assets are wanting.

Ambr. Very well, Sir.

Card. Thou art the Duke's Relation, and I know he loves thee, and will do very well for thee, but still a fortune of thy own making is more honourable, and I know *Leonardo* dotes on his fine Daughter, and will give her a world of Wealth; nor is his Family to be despis'd for all he fancies a rural Life among the Shepherds, he being, as I'm inform'd, lineally descended from the noble *Cid Ruy diaz*.

Ambr. And what of all this, Sir?

Card. What of all this? Why then thou'rt a happy fellow, I think to have the prospect of enjoying so sweet a Creature with so plentiful a Fortune: Yet what most surprises me is, to hear that her sudden Love to thee, has quite alter'd her nature, and she that from her Infancy was noted for th' most reserved and coy of all her Sex, now talks of Love, blushes, sings amorous Sonnets, and lives quite contrary to her former custom.

Ambr. So let her live, prithee why dost thou trouble me with the recital of a Womans follies; their Wiles, their Mischiefs, and their *Protean* Changes I know too well already; I am as well skill'd in the Philosophy of that damning Sex as e're was *Aretine*, and hate 'em as he did, with such a rancour, that I have an *Odium* even for her that bore me, for being female in her generation; if thou wouldst please me say the plague's amongst 'em. *But he that bids me for a Wife prepare,*

Is forming the worst Hell, and fixing of me there Ex.

Card. What the Devil ails him? the young fellow's bewitch'd I think, I thought he came hither on purpose to follow her, for I'm sure I saw her go down that walk just know——But since 'tis otherwise, I'm certain she must meet him, and then a kind word, and a sweet look or two I warrant will soon convert him from his Heresie.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord Duke has been looking for ye, Sir, this hour, he's now in the Hall with the Dutchess, ready to see the second Exploit which we are going to banter Don *Quixote* with, which is the Adventure of the Countess *Trifaldi*; if you intend to laugh, Sir, come away for we are just going to begin.

Card. I'll follow thee; the Jest must needs be excellent. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Ambrosio *and* Marcella *following.*

Ambr. Was ever man so teiz'd with what he hated, the more I shun the Plague, the more I am infected, how dar'st thou follow me?

Marc. What dares not Courage do? I am in your debt, Sir, and like

like a generous Bankrupt am ſo honeſt I cannot reſt, nor harbour any quiet till I have made repayment.

Ambr. By torruring me, is that the way Tormentor!

Marc. Heavens can you talk of tortures I being here, that undergo the greateſt that are poſſible: Is there a greater torture for a woman, than to ſuppreſs her humnour, vail her Pride which ſhe ſometimes calls Modeſty, and be forc'd, bluſhing beneath a thouſand thouſand ſhames, to curſe her ſtars like me, and own ſhe loves.

Ambr. Why thou Antipodes to Amity, doſt thou pretend to Love?

Marc. Oh that thy tongue were a ſharp pointed Dagger to wound my heart, that it might bleed an anſwer, as it does now my——Soul when it compels me to anſwer yes—— I do.

Ambr. What me, is't me thou loveſt, ſpeak ſweet damnation.

Marc. I will not ſpeak, thou Devil!— Gods what am I doing— Oh—give me back one minute of my paſt ſtrength, that I may have the pleaſure but of railing a little at him, and 'twill be heaven to me; where does thy Witchcraft lye, thou Sorcerer, in thy eyes, thy tongue, or in what other part? Tell me, that I may tear the fatal Charm, and give my poor tormented Soul ſome eaſe.

Ambr. Hey, Fits, Eruptions! This is woman right now, there's now a Legion of Cub Devils within her, that tumble up and down and make her mad.

Marc. Forgive me, Sir, theſe ſtrange effects of paſſion, theſe ſtubborn weeds, which I will now endeavor to root out and demoliſh.

Ambr. That was a flattering Feind now; ſoft and moving to make us think ſhe is a Foe to Pride.

Marc. I have ſeem'd proud, Sir, but 'twas all Hypocriſy, which Patience and warm purſuing had diſcovered, as now your Charms have done, and made me flexible.

Ambr. Ha, ha, ha, ha, now deareſt *Chriſoſtome* look down and ſmile to ſee the Victim offered to revenge thee.

SONG.

I.

DAmon *let a Friend adviſe ye,*
Follow Cloris *tho ſhe flies ye,*
Tho her Tongue your Suit is ſlighting,
Her kind Eyes you'll find inviting:
Womens Rage like ſhallow Water,
Does but ſhew their hurtleſs Nature;
When the Stream ſeems rough and frowning,
There is ſtill leaſt fear of drowning.

II. *Let*

II.

Let me tell the adventurous Stranger,
In our calmneſs lyes our danger;
Like a River's ſilent Running,
Stillneſs ſhew, our Depth and Cunning:
She that rails ye into Trembling,
Only ſhews her fine Diſſembling;
But the Fawner to abuſe ye,
Thinks ye Fools, and ſo will uſe ye.

Ambr. A well tun'd Devil this, oh ſhe has great variety ——

Marc. There are a thouſand frailties in our Sex which every day and hour ſucceed each other, uncertain natures with uncertain Paſſions, ſway'd by the Ebb and Flowings of our Blood by Seaſons, as the Tide is by the Moon; like Rowers we look one way —— move another.

Sooth with our Tongues to make Mankind obey,
But ſcarely ever think the things we ſay.

Ambr. Go on, for now thou'rt on a Theme that pleaſes me, rail at thy Sex, and I will hear with patience, nay help thee onwards thus— Even from your Infancy you ſhew the Serpent in your perverſe natures, cry for each Bawble, then powt and be ſullen: The ſtubborn Curſe grows as 'twere ſeeded in ye, and ſprings unculter'd from the firſt original.

Marc. We very often ſhew a bud, 'tis true of miſcheifs, that bloom out in riper years.

Ambr. Why that's honneſtly own'd, and ſhews thou haſt ſome conſcience, prithee proceed; come to the Girl of ten.

Marc. Her cheif delight is, e're ſhe can be one, to be thought a woman; ſhe always ſtands on Tiptoes, and her hand is never from her Breaſts to make 'em grow.

Ambr. Right again, right dear Sin-breeder, very right —— proceed.

Marc. Boys of her own age ſhe hates mortally, but ſtill extremely pleas'd when men accoſt her; to call her Miſs is an affront unpardonable; but tell her ſhe's grown tall and fit to marry you win her heart, then you ſhall ſee her ſmicker, and make a thouſand ſilly apiſh faces, to let you ſee how well ſhe underſtands ye.

Ambr. Young Crocodiles, but go on thou incomparable Orator, thou *Cicero* in Petticoats, prithee, go on —— Come to their Womanhood, their Pride of eighteen, and ſo to one and twenty; what are they then thou *Sibill?*

Marc. He rallies me, this baſe invective pleaſes him. [*Aſide.*
Then —— Why then they are a ſecond Race of Angels —— The greateſt Bleſſings Heaven e're gave Mankind. [*Angrily to him.*

Ambr. Aw —— nay if thou flagg'ſt to thy old courſe I hate thee; come I'll refreſh thy Genius with a ſcrap of Poetry I lately met with in an honeſt Satyr, that ſuits exactly with the preſent Theme.

At fourteen Years young Females are contriving Tricks to tempt ye,
At sixteen Years come on and woo, and take of Kisses plenty;
At eighteen Years full grown and ripe, they're ready to content ye;
At nineteen sly and mischievous, but the Devil at one and twenty.

There, there's a Poetical touch now to inspire thee; come, prithee go on now.

Marc. Oh Heaven, he makes me his meer jest, and I ungratefully have been exposing my Sex to entertain his vanity.

Amb. Nay, either rail quickly or I'll be gone, I have no other business with thee.

Marc. Yes, thou insulting Monster, I will rail, but it shall be at thee, thou seed of Rocks, unnatural Brute, thou shame of all that call themselves of humane race.

Ambr. Thou Woman.

Marc. Have I been from my Infancy ador'd, my Person been he Idol of thy Sex, and drawn more worshippers than often Heaven it self, to pay Devotion to my Beauty's Altar; and is it possible that thy humanity can so degenerate, to think me———

Amb. Woman.

Marc. Reject a joy too precious for thy hopes, and barbarously use me like———

Amb. A Woman——Woman, that I could wish with all her kind were doom'd to stand in one great field of Flax, and I had power to set it on a blaze. Remember *Chrisostome*, there, there's the cause

That 'twixt thy Sex and me breeds endless jar,
And for whose sake I shall till death abhor. *Exit.*

Marc. Do: But yet e're thy death, I beg the powers divine, thou mayst find one, one Woman, to give thee as little rest as thou hast left me now; for I shall never never rest agen: Racks, Poyson, Flames, Halters, and Cutting Swords, I long methinks, I long to use ye all; this comes of being coy, and of dissembling.

All stubborn Maids, let my Example guide,
Henceforth ne're sacrifice your Love to Pride;
Take whilst you can the kind deserving he,
Lest in Refusing, you Repent like me.

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Don Quixote, *Dutchess,* Luscinda, Cardenio *and* Rodriguez.

Don Q. Your Grace has here a very pleasant Prospect, the Landskip fill'd with sweet variety; and then the Sea at distance near that Champian, makes the view more delightful.

Duke. A seat for sports, Sir, during the Summer season, I hope your Valour

Valour rested well to night Sir: How fares the noble Governour of *Barataria* too? have you seen him this morning?

Don Q. Not yet my Lord, which in some little measure causes my wonder.

Dutch. Oh you must consider Sir, the task he has undertaken; his zeal perhaps to disenchant your Lady speedily, might make him lash himself so much last night, as may require him to rest more i'th' morning. But see here he comes.

Carden. Your Grace has found the Reason, it must be so.

Lusc. Mrs. *Rodriguez* there tells me he has been writing a Letter to his Wife this morning, to inform her of his change of fortune, and invite her to his Government.

Rodrig. He write it, I beg your pardon, good Madam, I told ye the Stewards Clerk writ it for him: for his part poor Peasant he can neither Write nor Read; he'll make a rare Governour.

Duke. Oh never the worse for that, Mrs. *Rodriguez*, the essential part of a Governour is Judgment.

Dutch. And *Rodriguez* I'd advise you to take care how you vilifie him *Sancho* is very satyrical——and there's an old grudge depending between ye, about *Dapple* you may remember, here he comes, we shall now have an Accompt of his Letter and the rest.

Enter Sancho.

Don Q. How does my Friend, my Intimate, for since the Duke has honoured thee, and the Fates have ordain'd thee to do me such a signal Courtesy, 'tis fit I take thee into the List of Friends: Well, and how go matters, hah——troth thou look'st lean upon't, I'm afraid thou hast overjerked thy self; no don't do so neither——Dear *Sancho*, come prithee tell me how many hundred hah.

Sancho. Hundred, Sir, hold a blow there a little, soft and fair goes far, and let him that owns the Cow take her by the Tail, 'tis easy to be prodigal at another mans cost. Oons dee think a Governour has but one business in's head at a time——Charity, Master mine, begins at home, you know, and ever while you live, christen your own Child first; I have been cudgelling my brains all this night about writing a Letter to my Wife *Teresa*, and my Daughter *Mary*, (I pray heaven she don't dye of a fit when she hears she must come away and be a Countess) so that betwixt one and t' other, as concerning the Lashes, to be plain with ye, I could give my self but five of the three thousand yet.

Don Q. But five, oh unreasonable Hang-dog, my Lord Duke did your Grace ever hear such a pitiful sneaking Accompt.

Duke. I faith, Friend *Sancho*, five was too few of all conscience.

Card. 'Tis a palpable affront to the Princess, five hundred had been too few.

Sancho. Dee hear, pray Friend, will you meddle with your own matters, go too, there's many will shuffle the Cards that won't play, and I beseech your Grace consider me rightly, I'll make my Master full amends

another

another time, for tho they were but five, yet they were laid on with my hand, and with a thumping good will I promiſe ye.

Dutch. Blows with a hand, Friend Governour, are rather Claps than Laſhes, and yours, I ſee there, is ſo ſoft, that I fear the ſage *Merlin* will hardly accept of ſuch effeminate diſcipline.

Sancho. Why then, if your Grace pleaſes to provide me a good Holly-buſh againſt night, I will ſo fegue my Buttocks before morning, that you ſhall ſay I have earn'd my Government I'll warrant ye, and I propoſe this the more willingly, becauſe I intend to enter upon't to morrow, as my Lord Duke has promis'd.

Luſc. That indeed, Madam, may do ſomething to the purpoſe.

Dutch. Dee hear, *Rodriguez* —— Let there be ſuch a Buſh got ready.

Rodr. What means your Grace, I beſeech ye conſider my place, and what I officiate in; and ſince laſhing the Buffoon is neceſſary, let ſome of the fellows of the Stable exerciſe him with a Horſe Whip.

Sancho. Marry gep goody Sock-mender, what you are too good are ye——Well from the Conſcience of an old Bawd, and the Pride of a fuſty Waiting-woman, good Lord deliver me. If I had deſir'd ye to lead my *Dapple* after me to my Government, how you would have cock'd up your Noſe, I warrant.

Rod. What Creatures of that courſe kind, what Aſſes are ever uſed to go to Governments, thou unpolliſh'd Animal.

Sancho. Why, thou Pomatum Pot, didſt never hear of an Aſs that went to a Government in thy life—Ah pox on thee, where haſt thou been bred.

Duke. Oh a hundred, a hundred, the grand *Sancho* ſpeaks but reaſon.

Dutch. What noiſe is this? [*Drum beats within, and Trumpet ſound.*

Don Q. The ſound is diſmal, and it ſeems to me, as if ſome ſtrange Adventure were at hand.

Card. It muſt be ſo, ſee here they come upon us.

Card. Some Embaſſy to the great Don *Quixote* without doubt.

Sancho. A plague on their Embaſſy, who e're they are, I don't like their coming at this time——— If this Adventure now ſhould put any ſtop to my Government——I ſhould make bold to wiſh their long nos'd Embaſſador hang'd there.

Enter two with Drum and Fife ſounding hoarſly, and marching ſolemnly o're the Stage; then Enter Pedro *diſguis'd like a* Chineſe, *with great Whiskers, and a large long Crooked Noſe on his Face, leading in* Mannel *dreſt antickly in a long Robe, with three Skirts held up by three Pages and veil'd, attended by four Waiting Women veyl'd and dreſt antickly, then 4 Anticks in ſeveral ſhapes, bearing a Table, on which ſtands the Figure of a large Golden Head; they go round the Stage, and then the Table and Head being plac'd in the middle they dance, then* Pedro *advances to the Duke and ſpeaks.*

Pedro. Moſt noble Prince, you muſt be pleaſed to know, that in the flouriſhing Kingdom of *Candaya*, I am known by the Name of *Pierres* the

the hardy, otherwiſe called the Knight of the *Roman* Noſe, only Brother to the Counteſs *Trifaldi*, otherwiſe called the afflicted Matron: The Lady you ſee yonder, who in her proſperity, was cheif Lady, or Waiting woman, to the Queen *Dona, Magunſia*, Dowager to King *Archipiello*, and from his Territories, thus far is come to kiſs your mighty hands, and your fair Dutcheſſes, and to intreat a favour.

Duke. Thrice worthy Knight—Your ſelf and the good Counteſs are moſt welcom.

Dutch. And tell her Sir, if any griefs oppreſs her, we ſhall be very glad to bring her comfort.

Pedro. Your Beauty is moſt generous: but ere I proceed to that, I muſt deſire to know, whether the valorous and invincible Knight Don *Quixot de la Mancha* be in your Caſtle, in whoſe ſearch principally, to ſay the truth, ſhe comes.

Duke. Tell her then likewiſe noble *Pierres*, that here is the valiant Knight Don *Quixot*, from whoſe generous condition, ſhe may ſafely promiſe herſelf all courteſy and aſſiſtance.

Pedro. Then, bleſt be our happy Stars—I will inform her inſtantly.

Card. O! admirable function of Knight Errantry, beyond all other happy!

Luſc. Oh Vertue excellent, to whom Ladies come from the remoteſt Regions of the Earth, to ſue for ſuccour.

Duke. Secure in his ſtrong Arm and never failing Valour.

Don Q. Now I could wiſh my Lord that prating Gownman, that dull Big-pudding Prieſt, that lately rail'd at Chivalry—were by to ſee whither ſuch Knights are neceſſary.

Duke. Oh, a home bred Bookworm, you muſt not think of him. Nay Madam this muſt not be, we are your Servants all.

Dutch. Your Merit claims reſpect, Madam, from every one, therefore pray let by us, and pleaſe to unfold your Griefs.

[*The* Trifaldi *comes and kneels to the Duke, he takes her up, and he, and the Dutcheſs ſeat her in a Chair.*

Man. Illuſtrious Beauty, as ſoon as my full heart and faultring tongue will give me leave I ſhall: But in the firſt place, I muſt deſire to know whether the moſt purifiediferous Don *Quixote* of the *Manchiſſima* and and his Squireiferous *Panca* be in this Company or no.

Sanc. Why look ye forſooth without any more flouriſhes, the Governour *Panca* is here, and Don *Quixotiſſimo* too, therefore moſt afflicted-diſſimous Matroniſſima ſpeak what you williſſimus, for we are all ready to be your Servitoriſſimus.

Don Q. Upon my honour ſtraighten'd Lady, let me but know the tenor of your wrongs, they ſhall not want redreſs, and now you hear Don *Quixot* ſpeak himſelf.

Man. Art thou the Man? bleſt be that *Madrid* Phiz, thoſe Toothleſs Jaws, and that way beaten Body, here at thy Feet I proſtrate my unworthineſs to beg aſſiſtance from thy Magnanimity.

Don Q.

Don Q. Oh Madam, Madam, what do you mean? By my honour this must not be. [*Raises her up.*]

Man. And thou more Loyal Squire, than ever followed in past or present times, the ragged fortunes of so august and so renown'd a Master; thou second part of Errantry, longer in goodness than my Brothers Nose there; thus do I shake thy Fist and thus conjure thee to bear thy part in my affair with willingness.

Sanc. Why truly Mistriss, as to what you say, of my honesty in following my Master—Ragged or not ragged, wet or dry, I think you are pretty right; but when you say my Goodness is longer than that Gentlemans Nose, there I must beg your pardon, Gadzooks 'tis a meer Complement, faith it comes short of that, I assure you.

Man. Be pleased to know then, valorous and untamed Sir, that in the Queen *Donna Maguncia's* Court, I being Governess to the young Princess *Antonomasia*, and hindring her from marrying the Giant *Malambrurio*, a great Inchanter; He to vent his rage more sensibly upon us, did it on our most tender part, our Faces, thatching our Chins as you may behold 'em, with these unseemly Beards and loathsome Bristles.

Duke. 'Tis wonderful!

[*They unveil themselves and shew their Faces all Bearded.*

Dutch. Beyond all thought amazing!

Lusc. Th' Inchanter shew'd his Malice to the height.

Card. To make a Witch of a Woman before she comes to be fifty, is very hard. [Sancho *feels one of the Beards.*

Sancho. The hair is plaguy fast set on; the Inchanter as ye call him has bearded 'em with a vengeance; why this would undo the poor Devils in a little time: if they'r inclin'd to be cleanly they'l spend all their Portions in one year, only in paying for their shaving.

Don. Q. How my blood boyls against this dam'd Inchanter! for I perceive now this disgrace of theirs is done in spite to me, he knows I hate a Woman with a Beard—and now has plagu'd me with 'em in a Cluster.

Man. But see how harmless Innocence gets Friends; we were no sooner bearded, as you see; but to our wonder, in the place appears this golden head; charm'd with propherick speech by the great *Merlin*, who bid us instantly travel into *Spain* to find Don *Quixot*, and with him his Sword and Buckler *Sancho Panca*, in whose renowned presence, he would discover the remedy to ease us of our shames—This is our dismal story, and thus far are we come fam'd Knight in quest of you, and least you doubt the truth of my relation, question the head, and you will then know more.

Don Q. Not that I question, most afflicted Lady, the truth of your strange story; but to be satisfied in the method I must use in your releif, I will presume t' interrogate the head.

Duke. Now for the Oracle, thus far 'tis rarely carried.

Card. They act it to a miracle. *Sancho* is so confounded yonder, he cannot speak.

Luſcin. Oh! they'l give him vent preſently.

Dutch. Pray Heaven, the Head be in a good humour, and has not got a cold, that we may hear diſtinctly, *Merlins* order.

Sancho, Good Sir be pleas'd to begin as ſoon as you can, for elſe the Head to my thinking by his gaping, will attack you with a Speech firſt.

Don Qu. Hem, hem, thou admirable Head, what is thy name?

Head Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe called the Knight of the Ill-favoured-Face.

Sancho, O, Lord, and who am I pray Mr. Head?

Head, the truſty *Sancho-Pancha,* and now the famous Governour of *Barataria.*

Sancho, The Devil's in't, I ſee there's no keeping preferment ſecret, every ones Head, inchanted or not inchanted, will be medling with other peoples matters; and when am I to be ſettled in this Government, good Mr. Golden-pate?

Head, Not till the Adventure of the Beards is ended.

Sancho, Why then pray, let it be ended quickly, for my Cloths are making; and my Wife is coming, and I muſt govern to morrow, whether theſe good women have beards or no beards.

Don Qu. Be brief, incomparable Head, and let me know the way to diſenchant the Counteſs.

Head, This night between the hours of twelve and one, *Merlin* will ſend thee an inchanted Horſe, on which thou and thy valiant Squire muſt ride through the Region of the Air, unto *Candaya,* to Combat the Curſt Giant *Malambruno,* who by thy hand ſhall fall, and from that inſtant, the hairs ſhall peel from theſe diſconſolate faces, and every Chin be ſmooth as Infant Beauty.

Don. Qu. Thanks to the gracious *Merlin,* and let the Horſe but come, i'le in a trice be with this horrid Giant. *Sancho,* prepare, for I will loſe my Beard among thoſe Infidels, e're ſuffer theſe to grow a moment longer.

Sancho, Dee hear, dee hear Sir, pray let diſcretion rule the roaſt with ye a little, I am a Governour now, and can ſpeak Sentences by the Dozen, what a plague have we to do with Giants of *Candaya*? how do you think the Princeſs *Dulcineas* buſineſs will go on, if I am galling my Buttocks in a Journey towards *Candaya*? And as for theſe Gentlewomen, they'l do well to get into ſome Country or other where there's but little Sun-ſhine, they may do buſineſs well enough in the Dark, for the Proverb ſays, when Candles are out all Cats are Grey.

Mannel. Oh, barbarous, art thou to be a Civil Judge, and canſt thou want compaſſion; whither inhumane ſhall we fly for Succour, who'l take a Waiting-woman with a Beard on.

Sancho, Well, well, that's all one, I ſhan't ride for all that.

Carden. Truly Sir Governour, the Counteſs is in the right, a Lady with a Beard, will look but odly in a Queen's Bedchamber.

Dutch. Oh, the grand *Sancho*, is a greater friend to our Sex than to ſuffer ſuch ignominy through his default.

Don Qu. I've taught him more humanity I am ſure.

Sancho, Ay, you may talk, but this ſhan't get me on Horſeback, for tho I am a friend good enough to the Sex, yet I am for letting every one ſhave her ſelf as ſhe can. Now am I piping-hot juſt ready to enter upon my Government, and here's the devil of a Head would hinder it, to ſend me of a fools Errant, as far as *Candaya*, gadzookes, let Waiting-women go hairy to their Graves, ile not jolt ſo far to take way any ones Beard; not I, if my Maſter has ſuch a mind to't let him do t alone, I've other buſineſs enough he knows.

Duke, Why friend, the Iſland is rooted faſt in the earth, 'twill ſtay for ye till ye come again, beſides, I find there's a neceſſity for your going: what ſay ſt thou fam'd Head? Can *Don Quixote* end the Charm alone?

Head, No, 'tis impoſſible, *Sancho* muſt go, or theſe be Bearded ever.

Sancho, Oons, ye damn'd chattering devil, ye lye, and ile ſee if I can Cunjure you into a better opinion; now I'm provok'd, ile ſee what kind of witchcraft lurks within ye here. How now.

Snatches off the Golden-head from the Table, and diſcovers the Page barefaced, who is hid within it.

What a plague have we here?

Pedro, A Pox on him, the Chollerick fool has diſcovered us.

Man. Tis ſo, he has ſpoil'd the reſt of the Scene, come let's take the Page away, and carry off all with a Laugh——ha, ha, ha, a trick, a trick, ha, ha.

Omn. A trick, a trick, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. (*They all get off*, Ex.

Duke, 'Tis plain now, this is a meer piece of Roguery.

Dutch. Invented I warrant by ſome enemy to Knight Errantry.

Luſcin. And acted by ſome of the Mobile of the Village.

Queen, That heard of his high ſoaring fame no doubt, and therefore thought to blaſt it with this jeſt.

Don Qu. Poor inſects I deſpiſe 'em.

Sancho, Ha, ha, ha, ha,—but what ſays Mr. Head here all this while to the buſineſs? Shall my Maſter and I go a voyage to *Candaya*? good Mr. Head, ha, ha, ha, ha, humph, what dee ye ſay nothing to't, to Shave a parcel of rotten Waiting-women? admirable Mr. Head, ha, ha, ha, ha, I think I have routed your inchantment, Faith, ha, ha, ha, what thinks your Worſhip of the buſineſs; as the Natural ſaid to the Biſhop, who's the Fool now?

Don Qu. Peace Buffle, all Drolls are below me to take notice of.

Duke, Ay, ay, *Don Quixote*'s in the right; and ſo is likewiſe the Grand *Sancho*, to honour whom for this laſt witty diſcovery, ile inſtantly ſend for his Robe, and prepare his Officers to wait on him to his Government.

To do ſuch feats Ages to come ſhall brag on,
Nay, when I'm there, ile govern like a Draggon. (Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Town.*

Enter Tereſa, *and* Mary Panca, *in poor Clothes.*

Mary, COme, come, Mother, pray be pacified and chear up a little better, and ſince my good Vather is got to be a Governour, and has ſent for us hither to this curious place to be Counteſſes an vine Volk, ſlidikins let's go to't merrily, and not look ſneaking, as if we were going to be hang'd for Sheep ſtealing.

(*Speaks broad Country like.*

Tereſ. Ah, *Mary*, if I am melancholly. 'tis upon thy account, for thou'lt prove but an awkerd Counteſs I'm affraid, now the bleſſing is fallen upon us; haſt left off blowing thy Noſe between thy Fingers *Mary*, and wiping it upon thy Smockſleeves Child.

Mary, Yes that I have pray, and dipping my Knuckles in the platter too.

Tereſ. And playing at ſee-ſaw a ſtroddle croſs a board with the Ploughmen; and above all thy dearly beloved delight, moulding of Cocklebread.

Mary, Aw, I have left 'em all off I fackins, my Vather ſhall ſee when he comes, that his daughter *Mary*, ſhawnt diſgrace her Gentillity, he ſhall find me ſo chang'd in my diſcourſe, and my way ſo altr'd, that odſſidikins, he ſhall hardly know me again.

(*Takes a Letter out of her Boſom.*

Tereſ. Ah bleſſing on the good Man's heart, here's his Letter, and little did I think that my *Sancho*, could have made his words good that he ſaid to me, when he left me to go a Squiring: Good-lack-a-

day, I have been so overjoy'd ever since I had it, and have read it so often, and kiss'd it and thumb'd it so much, that I have almost worn the Letter out; it has had two or three mischances too, for the same day I had it, putting it into my Bosom as I was a washing, and being taken up with thinking, I dropt it into the Tub amongst the fowl Suds; but I warrant ye I snatch'd it out with hast enough; but then again, to see the ill accidents that come by being over fond of a thing, at night carrying it to bed with me, and reading it with joy, by an inch of Candle, which I held in my hand, I fell a sleep, the light went out I know not how, and in the Morning I found the Candle in my hand, squeez'd as flat as the Letter, and gad forgive me, the Letter in the Chamber-pot.

Mary Goodnow let's see't a little, for I m hughly pleas'd with the dress that the Dutch have found out for us here. (*Takes the Letter.*

Teres. The *Dutch* have found out, why did every any one see such a simple Holden, 'tis not the *Dutch* that have found it out for us fool, 'tis a huge great Lady that's Wife to one Duck, a huge great Lord that the Letter says has done it, ye silly Jade.

Mary, Duck, Duck, good lord Mother, that you should mistake so, why what a dickins, dee think I can't read, here's no Duck nor Mallard neither, I tell ye 'tis the *Dutch*, look here else; let's read again.

Mary reads, *Therefore now goody* B. E. A. N. *goody Beanbelly* (*Lord bless* us, my Vather you know us'd to Joake, and often call ye so Mother) ha, ha, ha, ha, *lift up your G. O LL. S, and thank heaven that you are now a Governours Wife, My Lady the Dutch*, ay here 'tis now.

Teres. Where, where, is't now, ye blind Oatmeal-eater, * humh *That you are now a Governours Wife, my Lady the Dutchess*, the Dutchess ye ignorant Jade, that is as I said before the Ducks Wife, *has sent my Daughter* Mary *a rich peice of Stuff, to make her a modish Dress*: 'tis she has sent it Clodpate, not the *Dutch*, wheever knew them mind any Modes or Dresses either, ye senseless Mawkin.

* *Teresa* reads.

Mary, Well, well, but then here again a little farther is best of all, *I intend to marry* Moll *out of hand* ha, ha, ha, ha, *for her B. V. B. her Bubbys grow large and seem to make motion for a Husband*, ha, ha, ha. – Well my Vather's a parlous man ile say't, O my Soul and Conscience he knows ones mind as well as if he were in one.

{ *She takes the Letter.*

Teres. Ay, Lord save him, the man had more in him than ever we thought *Mary*, and then lets see here I come in, in the next Line—humph. *Come to me as best thou canst, and against thy coming I will provide thee a Coach, for I go to my Government to morrow, with intent to make money, as all other Governours do.—Dapple is well and commends him hartily to thee.* (*She reads.* (*She takes the Letter.*

Mary,

Mary, Ah, bleſs the Soul of him, would the pretty Creatue were here, that I might buſs him a little. (*Tereſa takes the Letter.*

Tereſ. Ah Gimminy, I could eat the Letter up methinks: —well dear *Sancho*, or dear Governor, here I am come to thee at laſt; good Lord *Mary*! I can but think upon his former words, which odſdiggers I could n'er have believe then, tho now I find 'em true. *Tereſa*, ſaid he, thou wert born to be a Counteſs, the what de'e call 'ems, Plannets I think he call'd 'em, have allotted thee Honours, ſaid he, Thou haſt an Eye like a Counteſs, ſays he a Cocking Noſe like a Counteſs, ſays he, a ſhape like a Counteſs, a jetting Bum like a Counteſs, and a ——every thing like a Counteſs, ſaid he; and good-lack a day, to ſee how the dear man's words fall out.

Mary, Odſſ dikins, I am ſo merry, I could leap out of my skin methinks; but come Mother, now let's ſettle our faces and enquire for the Governour *Sancho*'s Houſe, pray.

Tereſ. It muſt be here about I'm ſure, by the directions of the Letter: Oh! here comes a Gentleman, ile inquire of him. Now *Mary* look to your ſelf, be ſure

Enter Mannell.

Mannel, Well, they may talk of *Proteus*, and his changes, but in ſo ſmall a time, if ever he wore ſo many ſhapes as I have done, I much wonder, the blunt fool *Sancho* by chance made ſhift to fruſtrate our laſt deſign; but ile try if he has brains enough to find me out in this diſguiſe. I am now by my Lord Dukes order to be Secretary, and Civility Maſter to fool him and his Wife in there new Government: He I hear is upon his way hither, and ſhe too ought to be here to meet 'em, with the dowdy her daughter, I wonder their Tawny Ladiſhips ſtay ſo long.

Mary, Sir, Gentleman, if I may preſume to be ſo bold.

Tereſ. Prithee hold thy Tongue, ile ſpeak to him my ſelf, hem, hem, if your buſineſs Sir, * be not much in haſte, be pleas'd to know Sir, that I am the Governor *Sancho*'s Wife Sir, and therefore deſire you would do your ſelf the honour Sir, to conduct me to his houſe Sir. (*Putting her by.* * *Makes awkerd Curtſies.*

Mannell, It muſt be they, their Comical Figures ſhew they can be no other.

Mary, And look friend, I am his daughter *Moll* you muſt know, otherwiſe called *Mary* the Buxom; and now you know us, pray will you tell my Vather,—that we are come, de'e hear.

Mannel, In happy time good Ladies, for I have been here ready this two hours, to attend your motion.

Mary,

Mary, Deſlikins, de'e hear Mother, he calls us Ladies already. (*Aſide.*

Tereſ. Humph, you will be prating ſtill, you will ſhew your ſelf a hoyden; why look Friend, to deal plainly, we had made our noble entrance ſooner, but the Waggon broke, and we were forc'd for three hours to tarry the mending.

Mannel, The Waggon, why did your Excellencies, then condeſcend to make your approaches to your Government, by the contemptible Convenience of a Waggon.

Tereſ. Why truly yes friend, for want of better, our Excellencies for once made a hard ſhift.

Mary, There was ne'r a Cart to be had in Town, you muſt know but one, that was carrying Lime to make Morter to mend the Town Hall.

Mannel, A Cart! a Chariot ſure you muſt mean Miſſe-Pritty.

Tereſ. A Cart did you ever hear ſuch a Jade, ay, ay Sir, Miſs meant a Chariot as you ſay: Pox take her, would ſhe were whipt at a Cart a little; a thing that runs upon Wheels Sir, a fine ſtately thing that runs I ſay upon Wheels. (*To* Mary *aſide.*

Mannel, Ay, it may run upon Leggs for any thing thou knowſt of it. (*Aſide.*

Mannel, Ay, ay, your Ladiſhip is in the right, it does run upon Wheels indeed: But come now I beſeech you give me leave to uſher ye to your Houſe, I am my ſelf a ſmall Officer under the Governour and your Ladiſhip; to him I ſerve as Secretary, and to you as Civility Maſter.

Tereſ. Good Mr. Civility, I ſhall ſoon know your good qualities.

Mary, Oh, ho, ho, O Lord! *I* can't keep from laughing for the life of me.

Mannel, My duty at preſent, is to conduct you to the Chief Matron, to be new dreſs'd, as fits a Governours Wife,—it muſt be done inſtantly,— therefore pray follow me, that you may be ready to receive your Lord, who intends to be here at Dinner.

Tereſ. Well, pray lead the way friend, ile warrant ile keep touch with ye.

Mary, Lord bleſs us, what's to be done now, *I* am in ſuch a quandary *I* know not what *I* ſay nor do, for my part. (*Exeunt with* Mannel.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, and Sancho *dreſs'd Fantaſtically as a Governour, between him and the Dutcheſs,* Luſcinda, Cardenio, Rodriguez *and Servants following.*

Duke, HAve the Chief Citizens and leading Men of the Iſland notice, of their new Governours Arrival.

Servant, They have my Lord, and this is the place, where they deſign'd to meet him.

Duke, 'Tis well, is there ought elſe, my moſt illuſtrious *Don,* in which my ſelf or the Dutcheſs there can honour ye.

Don Qu. Ds'death, is that a look like a Governour, hold up thy head for ſhame, his joy my Lord has preſt ſo much upon his ſpirits, his Tongue at preſent is not at liberty.

Carden. The favours theſe illuſtrious perſons beſtow hourly, would make a Dumb man ſpeak to return thanks.

Luſcin. And yet he ſtands as if he did not mind 'em.

Dutch. Any thing in my power the Noble Governour is ſure he may command, unleſs it be to give him leave to Raviſh my woman *Rodriguez.*

Rodr. Me, *I* had rather ſee his Governourſhip hang'd, than he ſhould come but as near as to whiſper me, —marry choak him what the firſt day of his wearing Socks.

Don Quix. Oons is he Dumb indeed. (*Jogs* Sancho.

Sancho, Hark good Miſtreſs Conſerve-maker, hold your ſelf contented: All Rats, lookee care not for mouldy Cheeſe, if you Virginity is to be hangd upon the Tree till *I* ſhake it off, the Crows may come and pick at it for *Sancho.*

Carden. Oh, this is well now, a few wiſe ſayings from a Governor look decently.

Sancho, Some of which ſhould profit your pert Lady then methinks, that ſhe is ſo quick at putting her Spoon into another mans Porridge: look friend too much Tongue, too much Taile, — *I* ſay no more, but the Hen diſcovers her Neſt with Cackling.

Luſcin. Oh unfortunate perſon, now have *I* rowz'd a ſleeping Lyon that will tear me to pieces.

Dutch. No, no, Madam the wiſe Governour will conſider the frailty of our Sex.

Sancho, As to your Grace, *I* muſt needs ſay *I* am beholding, and if my Government ſtretch to my mind but an inch or two, *I* will ſhew my,

my ſelf thankful as well as I can, — but for your ſleerers, — and eſpecially Goody Warming-Pan there, the Governour turns his Rump upon 'em, as things below his place and Sagacity.

Rodrig. Well, and *I* turn my Rump upon thee too — 'dſlife ye were but a Stirrup holder the to'ther day, were ye.

Duke, Come good words *Roderiguez,* there's diſtinction between *Sancho* and you now.

Rodrig. Ay, the worſe world in the mean time, — *I* thought *I* might have deſerv'd an honour from your Grace, conſidering all things, as well as that Sheepſheerer. (*Weeps.*

Carden. Ha, ha, ha, Faith my Lord, Miſtreſs *Rodriguez* is the right, and but that the Governour here has got the ſtart of us, and that his people are coming to wait upon him, *I* would put one Shoulder to heave him out of his Authority, for the hard Joke he gave my Wife.

Sancho, *I* but in the mean time, don't ſell the Bears Skin before you have caught him: All are not Thieves that Doggs bark at, you may turn the buckle behind ye now Friend.

Enter Pedro, *and* Baratarians.

Pedro, Health to the Duke and next, the Gover- ſ *Bowing to the Duke*
nour, † to whom *I*, as his Phyſitian in ordinary, *and* Sancho.
— and the Mouth of theſe grave Citizens, thus tender homage, —and am proud — t' inform him we come to wait upon him to his Government.

Don Qu. Your hat, *Sancho* your hat, 'dſdeath, don't you ſee they are all bareheaded: Come, come look grave and ſpeak after me, we'l imitate the *Poliſh* Election, and give it them in Latin, —*Sit bonus Populus.*

Sancho, Sit bonus Populus. (*Speaks loud and Clouniſhly.*

Don Qu. Bonus ero Gubernator.

Sancho, Bonus ero Gubernator. (*They ſhout.*

Duke, So then, ſince all things move in their right order, here now let's part, and *bonos nocios* Governour.

Sancho, The Governour is your Graces Footſtool my Lord.

Dutch. *I* hope your Excellency will let us hear ſometimes of your Tranſactions.

Sancho, Madam, there ſhall not be a Pound of Butter weighed, nor yet a Pudding be enrich'd with Plumbs, wherein your Graces ſhall not have a Finger.

Duke, Oh! Air, Air, — *I* ſhall choack elſe, ha, ha, ha. (*Aſide.*

Carden. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, adeiw moſt noble Governour.

They make their Conge, and Exit all but Don Quixote, Pedro *and* Baratarians.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. I yet muſt be a minute with my freind, Ile follow your Grace inſtantly: you Sirs, I muſt deſire t'abſent a little too, I have ſome private buſineſs with the Governour — How now my kind companion in my Travels, what means this tenderneſs? (*Pedro and the reſt go out, Sancho weeps.*

Sancho, Nature works, Sir,—I never look upon that ſcurvy Phiz of yours, nor think upon the many drubs and bruiſes you are to ſuffer, but my bowels earn after ye, juſt like a Mother, for her firſt born, —oh! (*Weeps.*

Don. Qu. Brother, *Sancho*, introth this is too kind, come think of governing Man, and let that cheer thee, in which Station to give thee ſome few inſtructions I have pickt out this minute, therefore mind me. (*Embraces him.*

Sancho, I will, Sir, and beſeech ye, ſpeak ſlowly that I may keep pace with ye, becauſe you know my underſtanding was always rather for the Trot than the Gallop.

Don Qu. Ile fit it to a hair, — hem, to begin then, if thou wouldſt make thy ſelf a proper Governour for theſe times, thou oughtſt principally to adorn thy ſelf with theſe three vertues or qualifications, which are Morallity, Conſcience, and Decency. — And firſt, of the firſt, to have or be thought to have Morality, is extreamly uſeful for a Governour, if it were for nothing but to be a Screen, that people might not pry too much into his Religion, for if he is once noted for a moral Man (whither he be really ſo or no) let him be a *Jew* in his opinion, or of no Religion at all, 'tis not three half pence matter.

Sancho, I am glad of that Sir, for my Religion, like the reſt of my good parts is ſomewhat Clowdy at preſent, 'tis like a Field of Corn ill mannag'd, there will want a great deal of weeding before the Crop would come to be good for any thing.

Don Qu. Another part of Morality, *Sancho*, is ſelf knowledge, to be ſure not to forget thy Original, nor bluſh to own that thou comeſt of a poor Linnage. for when thou art not aſham'd thy ſelf no body will ſeek to make thee ſo, but if thou ſhouldſt like the Frog, fancy thy ſelf an Ox, thou art undone, for many hundreds now live that know thou wert at firſt but a Hog-keeper.

Sancho, That's true, Sir, but then, 'twas when I was but a Boy, for when I grew up to be Manniſh, I kept Turkeys and Geeſe, which is counted the better preferment by much in *Spain*, you know.

Don Qu. Well let that paſs, in the ſecond place, a Governour ought to take care to have an admirable Conſcience; he muſt have a Conſcience ſo very tender, that a Fly can't but upon't without making him ſqueak, it ought to ſit ſtraight and cloſe to him, like a Thimble upon a Ladies finger, and not as 'tis cuſtomary, like a Jockeis Boot that he can ſtretch which way he pleaſes, this will beſt appear in his impartial execution of Juſtice, and to avoid Corruption, or

taking of Bribes which is so tempting, and withall so crying a sin, that there's not one Governour in forty can forbear damming himself about it do what he can.

Sancho, Why then, Lord have mercy upon my Soul too, for to deal plainly, I am afraid my fingers (as well as the rest) will itch damnably to be handling the money. (*A-part.*

Don Qu. As to the manner of getting the Government, that piece of self-denial is generally smothered, for if thou hast the Conscience to think thou deservest it, 'tis thy own fairly if thou canst get it in Course: I could be somewhat Satyrical upon thy parts now, but that I love thee *Sancho*, and therefore will desist; besides, to do thee justice, thou art not the first that has got a Government he was not beholding to, his desert for.

Sancho, No nor shan't be the last, Sir, for desert is govern'd by fortune you know, and in a double manner, for if some were to have their true deserts, they would be Princes and Governors presently, and if others, again, were to have theirs, — Oons what an Army of Subjects here would be hang'd up in one Summer.

Don Qu. Well dear *Sancho*, for that saying thou deservest not only to Govern an Island, but an Empire: therefore to proceed breifly, because I see thy people wait, ile come to the third good quality proper for a Governour, which is decency.

Sancho, I have an inckling, that that good quality will be as proper for me as any of the rest, — because I suppose it relates to cleanliness, good breeding.

Don Qu. Thou hast nick'd it, therefore be sure to take care to pair thy Nails, and scowre thy Teeth clean; and when thou sittest upon the Judgment seat, take special heed thou dost not Belch, nor Yawn, for those are beastly neglects, tho' too commonly used among our Modern Ministers of Justice.

Sancho, Why looke'e, Sir, as to Belching, tho I learnt it of a Stout Dutch Trooper that thought it became him very well, yet, I shall make no great matter to leave it off; but as for Yawning, 'tis impossible for me, Zooks, I can as soon leave off my Proverbs, and that you know were to unhinge all ifaith: why look now, your very putting in mind on't has set me at it already. (*Yawens and Gapes.*

Don Qu. Oh, the Devil, what a Yell is there, for a Magistrate, but come, since I see Nature is not to be expelled with a forke, observe the rest, take heed of eating Garlick as thou hast us'd to do, for that will discover thy Course Extraction, and be nauseous to all about thee, for in that manner I once knew a Country Recorder that us'd to give poor Criminals double deaths, first by his abominable breath, and afterwards by his Sentence,

Sancho, That will be a plaguey hard Chapter too, for to my thinking a Clove of Garlick gives ones Dinner a curious hautgoust. (*Shaking's head.*

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Be ſure always to walke Slow and Stately, and let the fulneſs and gravity of your look attone for the vacuum, and cavity of thy head; and laſtly, above all to be ſure to manage that beard of thine wiſely, Scrub it, *Sancho*, Comb it, mundifie the Whiskers, I ſay, that when thou waggſt it on ſome great occaſion, thou mayſt ſcatter no Vermin upon thoſe that occaſionally come to thee for Juſtice: And ſo good fortune guide thee. (*Embracing.*

Enter Pedro *and* Bartarians.

Sancho, Well, Sir, I can but thank ye, you have given me a plaguey deal of good Counſel, if I have but the Grace to follow it; but come many ventures make a full fraight, ile do what I can, but eſpecially for that about Garlick and Belching let me alone, and ſo, Sir, wiſhing ye to be an Emperor in the ſpace of a whiſtling-time, we take our leaves.

To feaſt and give our Iſlanders a Playday,
And meet our Spouſe, who now muſt be a Lady.

Pedro, and the reſt. Long live the Governour of *Barataria*, Huzza.

(*Exeunt* Sancho *and* Baratarians *one way, and* Don Quixot *another, weeping*

SCENE III.

Enter Tereſa, *and* Mary, *new dreſs'd with* Mannel.

Mary, LOrd is this me, odſlidikins, they have made me ſo fine, that would I were hang'd if I know whither 'tis me or no.

Tereſ. Well, and what's to be done next good Mr. *Civility*, what you have ſhown us already is curiouſl fine ifakins.

Mannel, Leave off that courſe, that Clowniſh word ifakins, and if you would ſwear like a Lady oth' Mode, you muſt ſay by my Soul my Lord, by my Honour Madam, by the univerſe Cavalier, unleſs you are at Cards among your ſelves, and then you may inlarge a little, as thus, Soonsl have had horrid ill luck to night, I have loſt 50 quadruples, Damme.

Tereſ. Well that's very prety by the univerſe Cavalier.

Mary, It has ſuch a pure ſound with it when one ſwears a little, and methinks the words Mother come off ſo roundly, that would I may never make water more, if I had not rather ——

Tereſ. O Lord, O Lord! there the Queen had it out broad, why ye clowniſh Jade, have I———.

Mannel, Hold, hold, good Madam, let me manage her, you muſt conſider ſhe is not yet wean'd from her Country Dialect. Oh fye, Miſs, you have ſaid ſuch a paw thing, that I warrant ne're a one of

the Town-Ladies would have ſaid for a Thouſand pounds: Oh, you muſt not offer to ſay ſuch a paw thing as that, nor do ſuch a paw thing as that for the World, though ye are in never ſo great an extremity.

Mary, No, I cod that's very hard though.

Tereſ. Let me come to her, Sir; 'dlife this rude Hilding will ſpoil all our preferment.

Mannel, Oh, Patience, patience, Madam; ſhe muſt come too't by degrees: Young Lady, I blame you not for ſpeaking, but for the manner of it; therefore from henceforth, when you would expreſs your ſelf on that occaſion, if you are viſiting or elſewhere, you muſt ſay, Dear Co ſin, or Madam, I've an extream deſire to make a Natural Evacuation.

Mary, A Natural Evacuation! O Lord, that's pretty I ſwear.

Mannel, Oh, Modeſty is the moſt darling Jewel amongſt all well-bred Ladies, though it often occaſions 'em diſtreſs enough too. I remember once at a certain noble Lord's Tryal, a certain ruddy plump young Lady, dyed a green Manteau and Petticoat into a perfect Blew, through her riggid Modeſty and the violent Effect of Natural Evacuation. —— But come now, practiſe your gate agen a little; — Walk, walk — hold up your Heads — So, ſnap your Fanns — Very good — Wag your Hipps a little more — Admirable, Adroit and Eaſie — leave but off the Country hobble now, and I defie any Court-Lady of 'em all to outdo ye. *(They Jig about.*

Tereſ. Well, I ſwear, methinks I'm chang'd quite to another thing already.

Mannel, Oh, here's the Governour---I hear the Muſick. *(Loud Trumpets within.*

Enter Sancho *ſtrutting, with* Pedro *and* Baratarians.

Mary, Oh, that ever I was born! is that my Vather?

(Staring and clapping her hands.

Tereſ. Ah, Bleſſing on the pretious Eyes on thee, my dear Yoke-mate, my *Sancho*; and art thou then a Governour indeed, mine own Ooſle-cock? *(She runs to embrace him.*

Mannel, Oh, hands off, good Madam; ſuch greeting is not decent in great Ladies. *(Takes her from* Sancho's *Neck.*

Tereſ. Gadſlidikins I could ſmother him in that fine Coat methinks.

Mary, I muſt ſpeak to him; he looks like one of the great fat Men they call Judges, that uſed to ride ſo purely through our Town---Oh brave Vather! Oh brave Father! is t you, Vather? is't you? Oh Law! oh Law! *(Jumps and laughs.*

Sancho, Ha, ha, ha, ha; the poor Fools are almoſt craz'd through meer Joy; 'tis well, Spouſe; mine, 'tis well: but not too much of fondneſs now, good Crooked Rib —— and Daughter, mine, take care of Romping: Remember who I am.

Tereſ.

Tereſ. Ah, dear Gravel-face, dear Ferret-eyes. (*Leering at him.*

Mannel, Madam, Madam, you forget.

Mary, I am my Lord the Governour *Sancho Panca*'s moſt humble Servant, upon my Honour; and wou'd I may ne'er make water if *Mannel* ſtops her.

Sancho, Well, ſaid *Mary* the Buxom; that's my good Girl, hold thee there, *Moll*.

Tereſ. And I am his Lordſhip's every thing; his hot Loaf and Butter, Suet-pudding, his Pancake, by the Univerſe.

Mannel, Pretty well, that, Madam, indifferent.

Sancho, 'Tis very well good Mouſe-trap in me, 'tis v ry well; and you ſee I have been as good as my word; I told ye what my Squire-ſhip would come too, *Tereſa*; but you would not believe, you would be obſtinate: A Woman, a Woman.

Tereſ. I was under ſome little doubt, my Lord; by my Soul, I muſt confeſs. (*Speaks mincing.*

Mannel, Very well, that laſt, Madam, extreamly well.

Mary, I would have laid a Groat I ſhould have had no new Lockram Smocks of your giving me Vather — not this —

Mannel, Aw, not a word more of that; 'tis well he do's not hear ye.

Sancho, Here's *Dapple* too; come along with me, *Chuck*; the poor Aſs, on my Conſcience, is as glad of his Preferment as thou art; I'd have brought him in here, but that we ſhould have wanted an Elbow-Chair for him to ſit down in.

Mannel, There's an Alcove within with a State and Velvet-cuſhions, my Lord.

Sancho, No, no; 'tis no matter now, though the Creature is good Company enough: Faith, he's trap'd ſo richly, you'd wonder if you ſaw him: he's all over Embroider'd like a High Sheriff of a County upon an Entertaining-day.

Pedro, Pleaſe your Excellence to ſit and reſt a little, for I'm of Opinion that this ſultry Climate bears no Affinity with the Choller of your Complexion, eſpecially when irritated by Motion: Excuſe me, my Lord, 'tis my duty to be careful of your Conſtitution, which I perceive at preſent to be ſomewhat languid and ſudorous; be pleaſed therefore to ſit, and ſee the Sports that are provided to entertain ye.

Sancho, Ay, with all my heart; and d'ye hear Doctor? Prithee let me have as few of your cramp words as you can, for they'll work more upon my Conſtitution than any Doſe of Pills you can give me. Come family of the *Panca's*, ſet down by me, and let's ſee theſe Sports he talks of, and afterward let's go to dinner, for I feel a kind of a governing ſtomach, that methinks grumbles to be ſatisfied: I could eat heartily.

Pedro, Good my Lord, think not too much of Eating, 'tis very unwholſome.

Sancho,

Sancho, How! Eating unwholsome! prithee honest Gut-scowrer, perswade me to that if thou canst: Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good Jest, faith.

[Sancho Teresa *and* Mary *sit down, then Musick sounds, and an Entertainment follows of Singing and Dancing: which ended, a Table is brought in furnished;* Pedro *and* Mannel *wait, then is a Dance of Spinsters.*

A SONG,

Sung by a Clown and his Wife.

He. *Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee, Sweet-heart,*
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart;
And to the fair City a Journey will go,
To better my Fortune, as other folk doe:
Since some have from Ditches,
And course Leather-breeches,
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
Prithee come, come from thy Wheel;
For if Gypsies dn't lye,
I shall be a Governour too, e're I dye.
She. *Ah,* Collin! *by all thy late doings I find*
With sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep now at random, disorderly run,
And now Sundays *Jacket goes every day on:*
Ah! what dost thou mean,
He. *To make my Shooes clean,*
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
Where shewing my Parts, I preferment shall win.
She. *Fye, 'tis better for us to Plough and to Spin;*
For as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy;
For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.
He. *Why then I'll take Arms,*
And follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour that now-a-days plagueily charms:
She. *And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,*
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plough.
He. *Suppose I turn Gamester;*
She. *So Cheat and be hang'd:*
He. *What think'st of the Road then?*
She. *The High-way to be hang'd.*

He.

He. *Nice Pimping however yields profit for Life,*
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.
She. *That's dangerous too,*
Amongst the Town-Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
And then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in,
Faith, Collin, *'tis better I sit here and Spin.*
He. *Will nothing prefer me? what think'st of the Law?*
She. *Oh! while you live,* Collin, *keep out of that Paw:*
He. *I'll Cant, and I'll Pray;*
She. *Ah! there's nought got that way;*
There's no one minds now what those black Cattle say:
Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming affair,
He. *To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.*

2 Voices.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show;
She. *So I'll to my Distaff,*
He. *And I to my Plough.*

CHORUS.

Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.
Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show;
So I'll to my Distaff,
And I to my Plough.

Pedro, How does your Excellence like the Entertainment? do our Musick and Sports please ye? (*Enter a Carver.*

Sancho, Yes, yes, I like your Sports well enough; — but here's a Sport that I think at present surpasses 'em, — Gad there's a rare Turky, and I've a furious Inclination to be familiar with him. How now!

(*Carver goes to cut the Turky, and Pedro strikes the Dish with a Wand, at which the Waiters snatch it away.*

Pedro, By no means, Sir, 'tis hot, undigestible, and corrupting, the Flesh of that sort of Fowl, are highly pernicious to a Constitution that abounds with Choller: You must excuse me, Sir, I am stipended in this Island to take care of its Governours, and study day and night to prescribe a Dyet proper for 'em. (Teresa *takes a Comfit, and* Mannel *snatches it from her.*

Mannel,

Mannel, You muſt not eat yet, Madam; 'tis ill Manners; the Carver has not help'd your Lord.

Tereſ. By the Univerſe that's true: Well, Sir; pray excuſe me, I ſhall remember better another time.

Mary, O Lord, how my Chopps water at one of them fat Birds there!

Mannel, Young Lady, keep your Elbows off the Table: Oh fye, 'tis highly indecent.

Sancho, Well then; Prithee honeſt fellow, hand hither one of thoſe Partridges; thoſe, Doctor, are harmleſs Meat I'm ſure.

Pedro, Oh horrible, this plaguy Cook has ſent 'em in blood-raw; the Raſcal has pepper'd the Sawce too, as if they were to feed a Jew—away with 'em quickly: 'Sdeath this Rogue ought to be hang'd, he'll poyſon the Governour in two days time. *(Diſh ſnatch'd away.*

Sancho, Poyſon him! no, gadzooks he's in more danger of ſtarving for ought I ſee.—Come, prithee what muſt I eat then? Quickly, quickly man, and don't ſquare my ſtomach by thy own; give me a good hearty Collop of ſomething that's warm and good, and don't judge me by thy ſelf; thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt fed upon Smoak all thy life-time. (Mannel *this while is teaching the Women to behave themſelves.*

Pedro, Oh, that's very well, Sir: Jeſting is wholſome, and I am glad to find your Excellence ſo diſpos'd; 'tis more nouriſhing for ye then any Meat that I ſee here: Reach me that Diſh there, friend.

Tereſ. Is it always the Cuſtom, friend, for the Governours to have thy hungry Preamble before Dinner?

Mannel, Ever, Madam; the Doctor very often makes a Speech upon Temperance an hour or two long; 'tis the Cuſtom.

Mary, The Devil take the Cuſtoms then, I ſay; for I'm damnably ſharp-ſet.

Pedro, Look ye, your Excellence may Regale upon theſe with ſafety till better proviſion be order'd; and, Madam, theſe are light too, and of good digeſtion for Governour's Ladies: but for any thing elſe here. *(Gives him a Diſh of Wafers.*

(Little Diſhes of whipp'd Cream are brought in.

Sancho. Theſe, Oons why a hundred of 'em wont fill a man's Mouth: Why, ye plaguy *Paracelſian* you, d'ye think I can dine upon Paper?

Mary, Or I upon Froth.

Sancho, 'Sbud give me a Glaſs of Wine there, I ſhall choak with Rage elſe: What a plague is the meaning of this?

Pedro, 'Tis Death for him; therefore I charge ye all forbear upon your Lives, till I have corrected it! Let me ſee the Glaſs. *(Takes the Glaſs and prepares it.*

Sancho, Why ye damn'd Son of a Gliſter-pipe, muſt not I drink neither?

Pedro,

Pedro, Not till I have allay'd the Aſſid quality of the Wine, my Lord, and made it agree with your ſtomach; if you ſhould be ſick, alas, 'tis as much as my place, nay, as my life is worth; therefore it behoves me to be exceeding careful: you are inclining to a Hectick, my Lord, hot and dry, and too ſtrong Liquors will infallibly deſtroy the *Humidum Radicale*:—There now, I think I may venture it.

Sancho, Oh, confounded Potion-maker, this is meer Water, the very Liquor of Frogs, gadzooks—Hark ye, what is your Name, friend?

Pedro, Sir, I'm ſtyl'd Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agnero*, I am a Native of *Tirte Afuria*, which lies between *Caragnel* and *Almodona del Campo*, and took my Degree in the Univerſity of *Oſuna*.

Sancho, Why then Doctor *Pedro Rezio Agnero* of *Tirte Afuria*, and Graduated in *Oſuna*, take that (*throws the Glaſs at him*) and get you out of my ſight, or I'll throw my Chair at your head: why, ye Common-wealth's Hang-man, let me eat, or take your Government agen with a Pox t'ye; for an Office that won't afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Pilchers. (*Exit.* Pedro.

Mannel, Oh, my Lord, Paſſion is very unbecoming a Man of your Place: pray have patience, 'twas the good Man's over-much Zeal to ſerve you.

Sancho, Here's another too, a mannerly Coxcomb, that preaches Patience to me, when I am ready to be ſtarv'd—Gad I'll rid my Iſland of ſuch Vermin as you quickly—you ſhall know that a Governour muſt eat in defiance of ye all, Rogues: Come, Spouſe, fall on; I'll have this. (*They ſnatch and eat ravenouſly.*

Teres, I this.

Mary, And I this: But firſt, friend, I've great occaſion for a little natural Evacuation. (*Aſide to* Mannel.

Enter Meſſenger.

Mannel, 'Dsheart not at Dinner-time, Madam! that were ſuch a plaguy indecency.

Meſſenger, My Lord the Governour, your Excellence is ſtay'd for in Council, where are to be debated ſome Matters of great Moment; you muſt come awa immediatel.

Sancho, How now, *Jack* Sawce! muſt come awa! Soft and fair goes far; after Dinner is time enough.

Mannel, By no means, my Lord; ſtay not a minute, I beſeech ye; the Council will take it ſo heinouſly to neglect 'em at your firſt coming, that I fear on ſuch an occaſion they'll riſe and mutiny; therefore 'tis extreamly proper your Excellency ſhould go inſtantly, your Supper ſhall be mended, and attone for this to your ſatisfaction anon.

Sancho, Why this 'tis to be a Great Man now; when I was poor *Sancho*, the devil of any Mutineers had I occaſion to be afraid of; but now

Cares and Dangers crowd on a-pace: Come, *Teresa*, we'll take our amends anon; and, d'ye hear, let my Supper make me satisfaction without Doctor *Pedro Rezio*'s direction; for if I find him here agen ſtirring my Diſhes, or ſquirting Advice, Gadsbud I will begin with a Cudgel upon him, and ſo on, till I leave ne'er a Phyſician in the Iſland.

(*Exeunt* Sancho, Tereſa *and* Mary.

Mannel, Ha, ha, ha: Go thy ways, Governour; this will be rare ſport to ſend my Lord the Duke an account of, which I will do inſtantly, and tell him how methodically

Great *Sancho* learn'd in nought but Carts and Ploughing;
Rules without Power, and Judges without knowing.

(*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Judgment-Hall.*

Enter Page, Mannel *and* Pedro.

Page, I Aſſure ye, Gentlemen, my Lord and Lady were extreamly pleas'd with the laſt Account you ſent 'em of your new Governour's Actions; we had the ſtory every night at Supper, and with ſo much laughing, that an old Philoſopher, plagu'd with the Spleen and Gout, could hardly have forbore. I am now diſpatch'd hither upon a new deſign to further the Jeſt; I have brought the Grand *Sancho* a Letter.

Mannel, Ha, ha, ha: So, doſt know the Contents on't, prithee?

Page, Oh, each particular, my Lord Duke read it to us in publick; 'tis a terrible Scrowl, and pretends to diſcover ſome Enemies that have laid a Plot to attack the Iſland; 'twill try the Governour's courage, for here's horrible frightful news in't. Here, Doctor, you muſt give it him, I muſt back to my Lord agen immediately.

Pedro, Ha, ha, ha; this will, no doubt, have the deſign'd Effect, eſpecially ſurprizing him, now in this juncture; for we have kept him theſe three days ſo hungry, and ſo little in heart, that he'll be frighted with the leaſt ſhadow of danger.

Mannel,

Manuel, This is the best place to give it him too, for he's just now coming hither to hear Causes. — But, *Page*, prithee how thrives the Jest at home? how does the uncurably maim'd *Don Quixote* behave himself after the Loss of his Right-hand, *Sancho*, hah?

Page, Why, faith, so lamely, and the Jest grows so stale now, that my Lord Duke begins to be weary; and therefore to get rid of him wittily, and send him home to his House, he designs a new contrivance for me to Act; what it is as yet I know not; but I suppose, by that time the Squire-Governour trotts from his Island here, the Knight-Errant will be moving the same pace homewards.

Pedro, It must be very suddenly then, for the upshot of our Government is drawing on a-pace, the Mob will soon be prepar'd for the Jest. And see, here comes the Pageant — Oslife and the Petitioners too. — Now if any one can laugh at Clumsie Justice, they may have a rare occasion: I must not be seen yet.

Page, Nor I. (*Exit* Pedro *and* Page.

Enter Sancho, *Constable and Watch, and Cryer, with Taylor, Gardner, Canter, Small Man and a Woman:* Sancho *sits down in the Chair.*

Cryer, Oh, yes! Let all manner of person or persons that come not hither for Justice, keep Silence; and let those that would have their Grievances redress'd, express 'em boldly, for the Governour is prepar'd to hear 'em.

Sancho, He is prepar'd as far as hunger will let him; and though I have observ'd my self to have much a clearer Judgment upon a full stomach than an empty one, yet since they say spare diet and fasting whets a man's Understanding, I'll try for once how wise 'twill make me. Come, friend, what's your Complaint now, humph?

Taylor, Why, and please your Honour, my Name is *Snip*; I am a Woman's Taylor, and a Man that the Parish knows to be a Man that is not a Man, who, as a Man may say, will willingly let a Man, though it may chance a Man may be deceiv'd with fair Looks; yet, as your Honour knows, who are a Man.

Sancho, Who am a Man that is like to know very little of your business at this rate, friend: Come, come, your Complaint Mr. *Snip*, your Complaint.

Taylor, Why, your Honour must know then that my Complaint is against my Neighbour *Radish* there, the Gardner, who has feloniously, not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, taken from me and defrauded me of a tame Cock-Pheasant, which I brought up by hand, and upon which I set an extraordinary value; yet this ravenous Cannibal laid violent hands upon the poor Bird, carried it home to his Wife, roasted it; and had I not come just in the Nick and hinder'd 'em, they had devour'd it immediately.

Sancho, Umph; and what say you to this, *Radish*, hah?

Taylor, He, he can say nothing, my Lord; for lookee, to prove what I say is true, I have brought the Pheasant here along with me, poor fool, just as I snatch'd it out of the dish from 'em. (*Puts the Pheasant on the Table.*
And now since no proof is plainer than sight, I desire your Honour to do me Justice, and make him give me satisfaction.

Sancho, By my faith, and nothing but reason, Mr. *Snip*; What, what an Enormance is here; what can you say to this, *Radish*, hah? is it your Conscience to come into a Neighbour's house, and steal away his Goods and Chattels; for his Pheasant in this place is a Chattel.

Taylor, Nay, I had not valued it so much, my Lord; but, to say the truth, the Creature was my Wives, and the poor Woman was always stroking and playing with it.

Sancho, Gad 'tis a delicate tender young Bit; (Sancho *touches it and licks his fingers.*
are not you a Rogue for this now *Radish*, to purloin and filch in this manner; it has an excellent tast, faith: must paltry Diggers and Delvers eat like the Gentry? Oons, with a little good sawce too't, this were a Dish for a Governour.

(*Tears off a Leg and eats it.*

Gard. But, pray will your Honour hear me a little now; One man's Tale is good till anothers is told: This Nitty Jerkin here, this Thimble, this Bodkin, this Cuckoldly Woman's Taylor, *Snip*, here.

Taylor, Why how now ye Dunghill-raker, ye old rusty Pruning-knife, ye Maggot in a Pescod, ye Catterpiller: What, ye wont deny it, will ye?

Sancho, Oons, is not here a plain proof? what, you wont deny a plain proof, will ye, Rascal? (*Speaks with his Mouth full.*

Gardn. Ay, but pray do but hear me, my Lord, for yet you don't know the trick on't: for you must know this *Snip* and I us'd commonly to go to one anothers Houses, and jestingly snatch away several sort of things to eat and drink, I from him, and he from me, 'twas common among us; and particularly t'other day, I had a curious Flask of Florence sent me for a Present, by a friend that I us'd to accommodate with Fruit, of which, through neighbourly Courtesie, I gave *Snip* and his Wife a tast.

Sancho, Well, what then? Go on go on; let him go on, *Snip*, let him go on; Gad I never eat a better thing in my life.

(*Speaks with his mouth full.* (*Aside.*

Gardn. Now, what do these cheating Companions do, being resolv'd to have the rest of my Wine, but come t'other day to my house; and whilst his Wife, who pretended friendly to cut my hair, put my face in her Lap, this sneaking Louse-snapper, *Snip* here, ran away with the Flask; for which, knowing no other way to be even with him, I yesterday made my Attack upon his Wive's Pheasant.

Taylor, Why, ye Inoculating Rascal, dare you say 'twas Florence, hah?

Gardn.

Gardn. Yes, that I dare, Cowcumber; and to prove it to your face, that I mean what I ſay, I have here another Flask of it, which was juſt now ſent me by the ſame perſon. (Sancho *takes the Flask.*

Sancho, Nay, lookee, *Snip*, take heed of Lying; I don't ſit here to ſee Juſtice abus'd; and if this be really Florence, look too't, *Snip*. (*Drinks.*

Taylor, Beſides, if it were, I think I han't bin behind-hand with ye; you have bin free to every thing in my houſe Time out of mind; it had a damnable ſowre taſt I'm ſure; and what-ever you ſay, I can't think 'twas Florence, not I.

Sancho, What can't you think, Pimp-whiskin? what can't you think? 'tis Florence, I ſay 'tis Florence; and *Snip*, y'are a——What a-pox ſure, I can't be miſtaken. (*Drinks agen.*

Mannel, The Governour has made himſelf amends for his faſting as it happens: But what will the Judgment be after all, I wonder? (*Aſide.*

Sancho, Ay, ay, Florence; 'tis Florence. I knew I was right; and are theſe things fitting for Gardners and Taylors? fat Pheaſants and rich Wines food for ſuch Vermin? I am inrag'd at it; I burſt with Choler.

Mannel, How will you pleaſe to puniſh 'em, my Lord?

Sancho, Puniſh 'em! Oons, I know not how I ſhall puniſh 'em: but ſince they have made a practice to ſteal from one another, 'tis plain each of 'em keeps a Houſe to incourage Thievery, and 'tis likely, in ſhort time, may practice upon others as well as themſelves; therefore I condemn 'em to pay ten Duckets a-piece to the Poor, and from henceforth to be upon their good behaviour — not a word more — away with 'em —— (*They ſhake their heads, and are thruſt out.*

Mannel, Bring the reſt forward there. (*Conſt. brings a Man forward.*

Sancho, Well, Mr. Conſtable, who have you got here?

Conſt. Why, and it pleaſe your Honour, a ſtrange hypocritical kind of Raſcal, that formerly we knew to be a common Cheat and Thief; but of late he has taken up a Trade of Canting and Devotion, which we all believe only to be a Blind, that he may manage his old profeſſion the better; for laſt night we took him up upon ſuſpicion of ſtealing a Velvet Cloak.

Sancho, To cover his Knavery withall: Very well Mr. Conſtable; Well, and what ſay you to this, Cloak-Merchant, hah?

Canter, Why verily, I may not deny to thy Superiority, but that in my Priſtine days of Vanity and Youth, I was a great Sinner, before the Spirit of Grace had entred into me; nay, with ſhame I do confeſs it to thee, oh Governour.

Sancho, Take him away then and hang him, there's no more to be ſaid.

Canter, Aw, but I will tell thee what I am now; let me plead, I beſeech thee.

Sancho,

Sancho, Odns, what, after Confession? 'Sbud, ant it confess and be hang'd all the World over? What an impudent fellow art thou! Gadzooks, ile not spoil such a curious Proverb to save ne'er a Canting Rascal in all *Spain*——Away with him, I say.

Canter, Ah, Mercy, mercy; Ah, wo is me. (*They drag him out.*

Const. This is the worst Confession, friend, you have bin at a great while.

Sancho, Come, come, for more, for more; I find my Judgment much clearer now than at first: Well, woman, what say you?

Woman, Ah, I have many sad things to say upon my honesty, my Lord; I'm an undone person, *I* am crack'd, *I* am violated, or, to speak it in plain terms, *I* am Ravish'd as one may say. (*Weeping.*

Sancho, Alas poor tender young thing, thou look'st as if thou hadst bin hardly put too't indeed: but where, where is this mighty Gogmagog that has done it? he must be of the Race of the Giants sure.

Woman, No, my Lord, 'tis not so much for his largeness, as for his strength and ability: this is the vile Man, (*Points to a very little fellow.*) my Lord; this is he that, as *I* may say, has abus'd my body like an unwash'd Rag.

Sancho, The Devil he is; What a plague, did he attack thee upon Stilts?

Small M. My Lord, your Honour shall know, that there is not such another Impudence as that Woman in all *Spain*: *I* met her upon the Road this morning, and *I* know not how the Devil order'd the matter, but *I* found a small Ambition in me of boarding such a huge tall Pinnace; and so we agreed for half a Ducket about the matter; and upon the finishing of the business, *I* pull'd out my Purse, in which *I* had about twenty more, and paid her honestly.

Sancho, Nay, thou seem'st to be an admirable finisher of such a business: Well, go on, friend.

Small M. Now you must know, my Lord, this plaguy Quean, seeing my Purse better stuff'd than she thought, press'd me to give her more; which *I* refusing, as soon as *I* came to Town, she swore a Rape against me, which now occasions my appearance before your Honour.

Woman, Oh vile Creature, oh thou slanderous Monster; the guilt of whose lying Soul equals thy prodigious strength of body; Canst thou think to be believ'd, against my tears and protestation? No, no, wretch, the noble Governour understands Justice better.

Sancho, Alas, good Woman, don't afflict thy self so: Look'e friend, Finisher, there must be more in this than ordinary —— Have you that Purse about ye?

Small M. Yes, my Lord, here it is.

Sancho, Give it me, friend, and we'll make an end of this business presently: Come hither, Woman; you say this prodigious strong fellow here forc'd you against your Will, and you struggled and defended your self all you could, hah?

Woman,

Woman, Yes upon my honesty, my Lord.

Sancho, Very good; then to let thee see how much I value honest Women, whose weaknesses are often unwillingly o'recome by such monstrous fellows, there, there's that Purse for thee; and to make thy self amends for the wrong he has done thee, get thee gone with it. (*Throws her the Purse.*

Small M. Oh, good my Lord, if you take that, I'm utterly undone, 'tis all I'm worth.

Woman Ah, blessing on your Honours sweet face, y'are a heavenly Judge upon my honesty, and I shall pray for ye the longest day I have to live: —— Ah, Gad save ye, ye are an upright Magistrate in troth. (*Exit.*

Small M. Oh Lord, I'm ruin'd, I'm lost, 'tis all I have got this two years by hard labour, and I han't a penny more left in the world to help my self. Oh, that ever I was born. (*Howles out.*

Sancho, Sirrah, you prodigious, you Finisher, leave your bawling, and gather up your Legs, and run after her as hard as you can, and force away the Purse from her, and bring it hither to me.

Small M. Oh, Ile do what I can, but I fear 'twill be a hard matter for the Jades as strong as a Horse. (*Exit after her.*

Sancho, I begin to perceive that this Island of mine is very full of Enormities, which will require a plaguy deal of trouble to weed out; a Fool always sees more in his own house than a wise Man in anothers, if they will be Rogues, let 'em look too't. How now, see how they agree about the business without there. (*Noise of shrecking, and scuffling within.*

Exit Constable, and re-enters again with the Man and the Woman fighting; he tattered and beaten.

Sancho, How now woman, what's the matter now.

Woman, Why this impudent Fellow my Lord, contrary to your Honours judgment, has followed me, and would have taken the Purse away from me again by force.

Sancho, And has he got it.

Woman, No I warrant ye, he get it, 'dslid, ile tear his eyes out first.

Sancho, Give it me hither, let me see if there's none missing; (*She gives it.* there Fellow, take your Purse again: and dee hear Constable, bid the Beadle give that honesty there two hundred Lashes.

Woman, Ah mercy upon me, what means your Honour.

Sancho, If you had defended your honesty as well as you did the Purse ye Whore, you need not have feared Ravishing: away with her, and de'e hear you finisher, if I catch you finishing in such another affair, I shall put an end to you with Halter, and so with a Quibble thrown at your head, get ye out of my sight too Sirah.

(*Exeunt Man and Woman with Officers.*

Cryer, *Mannel* and People, A *Solon*, a *Solon!* *Huzza.*

Sancho,

Sancho, Come, is there any more of ye, hoh, gad my hand is in rarely for buſineſs ever ſince the Cauſe of the Flask, and the Pheaſant. (*Aſide.*

Enter Pedro *haſtily.*

Pedro, Room, room here, where's my Lord the Governour?

Mannel, There he is Doctor, what's the matter?

Pedro, Arm, arm, Sir, you are not ſafe this Minute, here's news now come, that ſeveral thouſand of Buccaneers, Pirates and Banditty have entred your Iſland: here's a Letter ſent too from the Duke to give you information, you muſt prepare for your defence immediately; there 'tis, pray read it and let us hear the Contents of our condition.

Sancho, Humph, *Tirte Aufuria*, art thou here again, then there can be no good towards me I'm ſure, the ſpightful Rogue bids me read it too, and he knows I can as well do that as fly. Here, you Secretary, let's hear what this matter is, come read out, from another mouth I can Judge the better on't.

Mannel reads the Letter. *Signior* Sancho, *I am given to underſtand that certain Enemies of mine, and of that Iſland, mean ſuddenly to give it a furious Aſſault: I know likewiſe that ſeveral Spies are entred there with deſign to kill you, for they ſtand much in aw of your great Abilities; take care of your ſelf and Charge, and I will be ready to ſend you what Succour I can.* Your Friend

The DUKE.

Pedro, Oh, unfortunate Eſtate of this unhappy Iſland, that becauſe of its Wealth and Fertility is perpetually plagu'd with Enemies, who bear a mortal ſpite to all thoſe that rule; thoſe damn'd Banditty and Buccaneers have taken and flea'd three or four of our Governours already.

Sancho, The Devil they have.

Mannel, The noiſe comes nearer, they are certainly entred my Lord, therefore come away quickly and Arm, and be our General, to lead us againſt the Enem.

Sancho, Diſlife, I know no more what belongs to a General, than a General does to Cow-keeping: you knew my abilities well enough, and if you had not liked 'em, you ſhould have told me ſo, and have taken your Government again, for if I am to be flea'd about it, I have made a fine bargain indeed.

Mannel, Diſlife, they'l come upon us before we have taken up our Arms; but it never ſhall be ſaid that I ſtood tamely and ſaw ſo famous an Iſland loſt: ile go and defend the Gates as long as I can againſt 'em. (*Exit Man.*

Pedro,

Pedro, And ile go and prepare a certain Poyſon, and ſquirt it into their Eyes with a Sirringe, through the loophole of ſome private Avenue. (*Exit.*

Sancho, Squirt at 'em, ſaid he; ay, if that would drive the Enemy away, I am as well prepar'd for't as any body; but theſe Buck---Banditti Rogues I warrant carry Guns with Leaden pellets, that will make no more of a Governour's noddle, than if twere made of Paſtboard---Hark, they are coming ſtill---this your Ambition has brought you to *Don Sancho*; you muſt be a Governour with a murrain t'ye, you Plough-jobbing Raſcal, you. (*Noiſe of Drums, fighting and ſhouts.*

Enter Tereſa *and* Mary *in their old Clothes.*

Tereſ. Oh that ever I was born; Oh, undone, undone, loſt, ruin'd.

Mary, Oh Vather, the ſaddeſt day that ever was known, my Mother and I have bin plunder'd and ſtripp'd yonder, the Men with the black Whiskers and Buff-Coats yonder have rouzled and frouzled us ſo, that they have left ne'er an inch of us unhandled---Oh Lord, and one of 'em ſnatch'd ſo furiouſly at me to get off my vine Petticoat, that udſlidikins I thought once he had got away all.

Sancho, Here one may ſee now, the true Emblem of fallen Authority; here's the Counteſs and her Daughter metamorphos'd already.

Tereſ. Counteſs! Ah ſhame on't, I thought what my Counteſsſhip would come too, if we had not ſav'ed our old Clothes by chance, we had gone home to Spin agen as naked as ever we were born.

Manuel--within. Make this breach good, keep that gate there, raiſe thoſe Ladders, fire the Pitch and Rozin, and get ſome Kettles of ſcalding Oyl ready.

Pedro--within. Bring out the Governour, we know him by his Robe; deliver him up, we'll make a Truce, for here are a hundred of us have ſworn to Roaſt him and Eat him for Supper.

Sancho, Oh, Gadzooks, for Supper! (Sancho *trembles.*

Tereſ. D'ye hear that, thou wretched Man? Come away quickly; down the back-way here, there's a cloſe Walk to the Garden door may yet ſecure us.

Mary, Come away Vather, come away; Oh Lord, when ſhall I be married now, I wonder?

Sancho, Nay if like an Ermine I am ſo known by my Skin, e'en take it among ye, faith *; if you would have the Muske-Cats ſee too, I ſhould hardly ſtand out if I thought you hunted me for that; but there's no diſputing the caſe now, you muſt fly, Governour; and if you ſave your Bones by the loſs of your Jacket, (* *Strips from his Robe.*

Thank Fortune that did ſafe through Dangers carry
Earl *Sancho*, from his Land of *Baratary*. (*Exit* Sancho.

Enter Mannel *and* Pedro.

Mannel, Ha, ha, ha, ha; they are gone, the whole Neſt are flown.

Pedro, Here's the Robe of Authority left; the poor Snake has caſt his Skin through fear.

Mannel, Come, now let's make haſt to the Duke, I know he longs to hear of the Comical Exit of the Governour.

Pedro, Let's give the people a Hogſhead of good Liquor to make merry with, for playing their parts ſo well, and then take horſe and away.

Mannel, Oh, I warrant ye they ſhall want no tipple, I have given order already. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cardenio *and* Ambroſio.

Carden. NOT ſee this famous Combat? prithee, in what old rotten Tree or Tod of Ivy haſt thou bin lurking? 'dsdeath thou giveſt thy ſelf over to moroſeneſs and melancholly of late——A pox, when once a Man of Letters comes to be mop'd, he grows a Coxcomb, and not fit for a friends Converſation.

Ambroſ. Prithee, I gave no heed to the flying report; I heard indeed that a new-come Errant, that call'd himſelf the Knight of the Screech-Owl, had challeng'd *Don Quixote* to Combat him about the Beauty of their Miſtreſſes; but I thought it only a Romantick Jeſt, and could not imagine it would have gone further.

Carden. If the Duke had not cauſed one of their Launces to be blunted, unknown to him, it had gone further I aſſure you; but as the Tilt was now, our famous *Don* here was only vanquiſh'd, by being overthrown from his Horſe, and by that was oblig'd to perform any Injunction the Knight of the Screech-Owl ſhould impoſe upon him.

Ambroſ. And who is this new doubty Knight, prithee?

Carden. Nay, that as yet is a Secret; but his Commands are, That *Don Quixote* ſhall retire to his Houſe, and bear no Arms for the ſpace of one whole year——This, according to the Conditions of the Combat, he is punctually to perform,—and the Duke and all are juſt coming hither to entertain the new Knight, and ſee the buſineſs ratified.

Ambroſ. Why this will certainly murder *Don Quixote* with grief; he'll ne'er be able to have patience——How now, Winter-pippin; what news bring you? what Smock-ſtratagem or Curtain-intreague are you labouring with now, hah?

Enter

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodr. Ay, y'are a cruel hard-hearted Wretch, to uſe a poor young thing as you have done her without there: ſhe's come after ye again, ifaith, and as mad as a March-hare. A ſhame on her ſhallow pate, it ſhould be long enough before I'd have crack'd my Brain for ere a one of ye.

Enter Marcella, *Mad.*

Carden. By all that's good, *Marcella*— And now I remember me, I heard indeed ſhe was run Mad for Love: What a barbarous fellow art thou to deſtroy a whole family at once!

Rodr. Well then, there's an end of 'em: prithee let me go.

Carden. Not yet, by Heaven; thou ſhalt hear her ſpeak.

Marcel. 'Twill be to night; the God of Love has promis'd me, he'll bring him to me in his Mothers Chariot, drawn by white Doves, and with her Breath perfum'd: there lyes my deareſt crown'd with fragrant Roſes, vigorous and young, and charming as a Deity. Hah! what do I ſee! The dear Man turn'd to a Draggon! See! ſee! his Mouth and Noſtrils breathing Flames that ſinge my veins and ſcorch my heart to Cinders.

A SONG, at the Duke's Entertainment, by St. *George* and the Genius of *England*:

Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Cibber*.

Mr. *Freeman.*

GEnius of England, *from thy pleaſant Bow'r of Bliſs,*
Ariſe and ſpread thy ſacred Wings:
Guard from Foes the Britiſh *State,*
Thou on whoſe ſmile does wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate
Of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs. *Cibber.*

Then follow brave Boys to the Wars,
The Lawrel you know's the Prize;
Who brings home the nobleſt Scars,
Looks fineſt in Celia's *Eyes.*
Then ſhake off the ſlothful Eaſe,
Let Glory inſpire your Hearts;
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace
Is the nobleſt of all other Arts.

Rodr. Alas poor crack-brain'd Creature!

Ambroſ. Devil———

Carden. 'Sdeath, haſt thou no human Nature? do's it not trouble thee to ſee her thus?

Ambroſ. To ſee her thus! why now ſhe's in her Kingdom; her darling Miſchiefs now have gather'd head, and riot in her Brain: Oh, take this from me, friend; when once a Woman's mad, ſhe's in perfection.

Marcel. What, is he going? nay then farewell diſſembling---all female Arts and Tricks begone, avaunt, and let the paſſion of my heart lye open: Turn, turn thou deareſt pleaſure of my Soul, and I will bathe thee with my Eyes fond Tears; lay thee upon my Breaſt panting with Love, and ſpeak the ſofteſt words into thy Ears that ere were ſpoke by a kind yielding Maid; kiſs thee with eager Joy, and preſs thee cloſe, cloſe to my heart till I am loſt in tranſport, and am for that ſhort time a Deity.

Ambroſ. 'Dſheart the Duke's coming too; prithee take her away, dear *Rodriguez*——. I'll get thee a Husband for't one time or other.

(Marcella *ſings.*

A SONG,

Sung by *Marcella.*

I Burn, I burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes;
Each Eye-ball too, like Lightning flaſhes:
Within my Breaſt, there glows a ſolid Fire,
Which in a Thouſand Ages can't expire.
Blow, blow, the Wind's great Ruler;
Bring the Po *and the* Ganges *hither,*
'Tis ſultry, ſultry Weather;
Pour 'em all on my Soul,
It will hiſs like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.
'Twas Pride, hot as Hell,
That firſt made me Rebell,
From Love's awful Throne, a curſt Angel I fell:
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my ſelf did create;
Fool, fool, that conſider'd not when I was well.
Adieu, adieu, tranſporting Joys,
Off ye vain fantaſtick Toys,
That dreſs'd the Face and Body to allure;
Bring, bring me Daggers, Poyſon, Fire,
For Scorn is turn'd into Deſire;
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

Rodr.

Rodr. Ay, hang ye, ye all promiſe for one another, but you never care come too't your ſelves.— Well, not for that, but to get ſome Remedy for the poor Creature; I'll do't for once: Come Bird (*Exit.*

Marc. Bird, right; thou art the bird of Night: Come, I'll go with thee; by thy broad Face and toothleſs Gums I know thee, and that hook'd Noſe that ſhades the Stumps remaining, thou art Grimalkin--Whoo, whoo, whoo--Come along, Bird. (*ſings.* (*Exeunt* Marcel. *and* Rodr.

Carden. Well, if thou art not ſtrangely puniſh'd for this, I ſhall wonder.

Ambroſ. Piſh, prithee no bantring--See the Duke and Company.

Enter Duke, Dutcheſs, Luſcinda, Don Quixote unarm'd *of his Sword, and without a Helmet: Page, arm'd like a Knight, having a tawny Mask on with large black Whiskers, and a Buckler, whereon is painted a large Owl: Squire with a Launce and Slipper.*

Don Qu. Vanquiſh'd, becauſe my Horſe fell—Oh rigourous Laws of Chivalry! muſt my hard-got Renown, purchas'd with Danger, be poorly loſt through *Roſinante*'s weakneſs? My Courage ſtill ſtands faſt, though he is fallen: I beg the Combat once more, I'll fight him in my Shirt, with a Dutch knife ſet ſharp as any Razor.

Duke, Oh, it muſt not be, friend; the Laws of Knighthood are, you know, inviolable: beſides for you, the Quinteſſence of Errants, thus raſhly to recant your own agreement, will be a flaw in your Renown for ever: Therefore take heed, not a word more of fighting.

Page, What, does he murmur? does his high-flown Vanity think he's diſgrac'd to be o'recome by me? Hah, noble *Don*, is't ſo?

Duke, No, no: Valiant Sir, the Knight is highly ſatisfied in being vanquiſh'd by ſo brave a Warriour—Look up quickly and ſeem pleas'd, for this damn'd Knight of the Screech-Owl, now his hand is in, will worry us all elſe — dsheart what a terrible voice he has.

Page, The Devil worry him and his Voice too, 'tis a very Screech-Owls to me indeed.

Dutch. Courage is not diſgrac'd, though 'tis unfortunate; and though *Don Quixote* is batter'd and o're-thrown, he's valourous as ever.

Luſind. And when his year of Penance is paſt o're,
Again may cudgel, and be cudgell'd more.

Cardin. One may ſee by his Looks, that his pate is plaguily harraſs'd about this buſineſs. (*Aſide.*

Ambroſ. Oh, the whimſical Worms are all now at work——Ha, ha, ha. (*Aſide.*

Don Qu Damn'd fortune, thou inconſtant treacherous Strumpet, haſt thou then ſerv'd me thus?

Duke, Mum, mum, Sir; the Knight of the Screech-Owl obſerves ye.

Page, Sir, I perceive you do not grace my Conqueſt with that clear brow, that Aſpect of Contentment my Valour has deſerv'd, but ſeem to lowre and grumble; and your fortune, as if you thought my Chains diſgraces to ye--Hah, ſpeak thou conquer'd, art thou ſo preſumptious?

Dutch.

Dutch. Oh, by no means Sir, the Knight was always a person of few words; and as to the Moodiness of his Phiz, 'tis natural to him; I dare say for the Knight of the ill-favour'd face, 'tis not in his power to mend his Looks.

Lusind. Besides, here being no occasion for mirth, some gravity is becoming.

Page, Could I but think my easie penance given him extorted frowns, he soon should know my power. Blood of the Heroes, did not I in *Arragon,* o'recome the proud *Don Guzman de Alvaro,* who being my Slave by a just right of Conquest, I made his Neck my footstool to mount my horse by, nay, over the parch'd Plains forc'd him to carry a Sack of Barley for his provender; nor was that all, for when at night we rested, to show my Power and punish his Ambition, I made him wash my Shirts and mend my Stockins.

Don Qu. This is the very devil--Oons I tremble every inch of me. (*aside.*

Page, And if I thought this Shrub, this Mushrom-Errant durst mutter discontents, or look as if *Toboſian Dulcinea* excell'd my bright *Castara de Vandalia,* I'd set him instantly to stitch my Boots, and grease em with the Oyl of his own labour.

Card. Say something quickly to him to mollifie; stitching of Boots is but a scurvy imployment.

Don. Qu. Lord Sir, what need you be so chollerick, I said nothing of *Dulcinea* that I know——Oons he has so cow'd me with his plaguy Voice and his confounded Whiskers, that I can't get out a hard word for the heart of me.

Ambros. Ha, ha, ha, his heart's quite sunk, the blustring of the Screech-Owl has bullied him clearly.

Duke, Come noble Warriour, be pleased to sit down a little, and to shew how much we prize all Knights of your brave Order; I'll beg ye to let my Servants shew their duty in a Musical Entertainment.

Page, Your Grace is generous; and to shew my gratitude, I dedicate thus far of my sharp Sword to you, and yonrs for ever; the rest is bright *Castara de Vandalia*'s—Come I'll sit down, you Sir, stand by and wait. (*To* Don.

Dutch. Oh, not so, I beseech ye Sir; for my sake let him sit with us.

Page, Your Grace shall then prefer him: sit down. (*They seat themselves.*

Don Qu. Ah plague on your Whiskers — I'm in an Ague still.

A Dance here of the Seven Champions, then a Song by St. *Dennis.*

De foolish English *Nation,*
Dat former Conqueſt bragon;
Make strang a Discourse
Of St. George *and his Horse,*
And de Murd'ring of de Dragon:

But shou'd de French *Invade 'em,*
And boldly cross de Water,
How de Williamite *here*
Vond tremble for fear
Of de Jack grand Roy, mon Maitre.

You

You boast of your Fifth Henry,
Dat once in France *did Forrage*;
But to answer dat same
Do but read Nostredame,
Garzoon will cool your Courage:

Our Gold will rake your City,
Tho' Fighting ne'er can get one,
Veal on Salsbury-Plain
Bring on Millions of Men,
D'en--Wheiw--vere is Great-Britain.

Page, As much, my Lord, as can be possible for us that carry Arms to like soft pastimes--I am oblig'd for this; and that I may, when your occasions offer, be grateful to my power, be pleased to Command *Monzo de Bubone* of *Castile*, your Grace's Champion, you soon may find me out, my Lord, by fame: besides, I'm of a family numerous and ancient, the Owls at Court are my relations all--City and Country throng with the *Bubones*, and 'mongst the Priesthood and the dagled Law are Numbers of Screech-Owls; in honour of whom

This ample form I on my Buckler place,
And wear it for the Glory of my Race.

Dutch. We are his Greatnesses, the Knight of the Screech-Owls most humble Creatures.

Duke, And how, brave Sir, I hope all animosities betwixt you and your noble Brother here are forgot: Come, I must have the honour to reconcile all matters; he has resolv'd to obey your Command, and retiring home, and bearing no Arms for a year; and you, according to the Conditions of the Combat, in honour can demand no more.

Page, I am not limited, my Lord; and I must tell your Grace, there is another small Injunction, which in obedience to the Laws of Chivalry I must impose and he must execute: 'Tis this, my Lord, that since the Peerless *Castara de Vandalia* has influenc'd me with Courtesie, and he adores the conquer'd *Dulcinea*; he therefore be oblig'd to wear that precious Relick my Squire has there; which is that fair one's Slipper, during his Truce from Arms, and Year of Penance——

Duke, Oh that he shall do most Ceremonially. (*Duke puts the Slipper on Don Quixote.*

Carden. 'Twill look like some new kind of Order, and give him good occasion from thenceforth to call himself the Knight of the Order of the Slipper: that once perform'd, he's free.

Don Qu. Well, I see now that wise Man was in the right, that said Valour was a Vertue between two vicious extreams, Cowardice and Temerity: I'm in the snare, and I must get out on't as well as I can; make Laws and keep Laws, as *Sancho* us'd to say when his Mouth run over with Proverbs: And therefore since 'tis my fortune, I will travel home with my new Order here as patiently as I can: And so farwell t'ye all; nay, let no one touch me, nor speak a word more, for my heart's too full to bear any Complementing; and as low as my stomach is brought, I could eat that roaring Knight up methinks

If-

if it were not for his Whiskers: but since 'tis as 'tis, let Fate bear the blame on't, whilst I

This long Year study to wipe off my stain;
The next, in glittering Arms, shine out again. (*Exit.*

Duke, Ha, ha, ha, ha; farewell poor Knight-Errantry, you must know I have bin weary of the mad fool of late, and so contriv'd this trick to send him home to his house to be cur'd.——— And now Signior *Don Alonzo de Bubone*, be pleas'd to veil your Whiskers.

Carden. The Page, as I live, the Rogue alter'd his voice, so I did not know him.

Dutch. Ha, ha, ha; nothing could be acted better indeed: Well Sir, my Lord Duke shan't forget your diligence.

Page, One of the Servants told me in a whisper just now, my Lord, that your Grace may now have an account of *Sancho*'s flight from *Barataria*, for the Steward and the Doctor are just come from thence.

Duke, Oh come then, let's in, that story will be very grateful at dinner: Cousin, I have a small affair with you too, but this is no time to chide: besides, I hope you will satisfie me in some passages I heard lately of you, which seem to blast your Vertue and Reputation: I must have a Minute to confer with you about it.

Ambros. With all my heart, my Lord.

Lusind. I have heard of your humour, Sir; and I hope my Lord Duke will punish thee, for refusing poor *Marsella*, thou inveterate Woman-hater.

Dutch. Come my Lord, Methinks I long to hear how the Countess *Teresa*, and her Daughter *Mary* the Buxom, behave themselves in their change of fortune.

Carden. Very Comically, no doubt, Madam, and must certainly divert when your Grace comes to hear their several Histories.

Duke, Which, to relish our Meat and Wine the better, I intend shall entertain us presently; amongst the rest of diversions, there are two that are always very recreative, which are a fool in Person, and a fool in Character; the fool in Person, we have just now had a Scene of; and as to the fool in Character,

The Governour not being now before ye,
You must content your selves with *Sancho*'s story.

(*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.